THE WRITER™

JOSH GAD • BERKOWITZ BROS. • ARIEL OLIVETTI • FRANK CVETKOVIC

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Written & Created by
Josh Gad & Berkowitz Bros.

Art & Colors by
Ariel Olivetti

Letters by
Frank Cvetkovic

Dark Horse Books

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Editor
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"*The Writer* is like Jack Kirby meets Michael Chabon. It's a smart, literary comic with bombastic art and a fast pace that never loses its sense of fun."
—Russ Burlingame, ComicBook.com

"One of the year's must-read comics."
—AIPT

"*The Writer* goes places that, weirdly, have always been juuuuuuust beneath the surface of superhero comics, but never ever have I seen them dived into as joyously and brilliantly as in this book."
—Patton Oswalt

"A perfect blend of Kirby heroics, Jewish mysticism, and Spielbergian adventure. Three things that are part of my creative DNA."
—Jordan Blum

"The Writer reveals his true feelings and designs as a cataclysmic story unfolds that will leave comic book fans and historians alike hopeful for the future of the medium."
—Nerd Initiative

"The comic is dense and thrilling—there's something so exciting about seeing so much Jewishness on the page in that same exciting language, visual and literary, of the most iconic contemporary comics."
—Kveller

"A star-studded creative team brings the thrilling saga of Stan Siegel to life in *The Writer*, blending folklore and demonic chaos for a high-octane adventure."
—Screen Rant

"Perfect blend of seriousness and humor with breathtaking artwork."
—Capes and Tights

"When I first read the script from Josh and the Berkowitz Bros., it was clear this was one of those rare, unforgettable projects."
—Ariel Olivetti (artist on *The Writer*)

"The Berkowitz Bros. and Gad have crafted a wonderful thought-provoking story that is wrapped up in an unexpected ending that is perfect for a book called *The Writer*."
—Bearded Comic Bro

"*The Writer* offers a fresh take on superheroes by placing Jewish mythology and folklore at the forefront."
—C. M. Ramsburg, Comic Book Resources

Yiddish Glossary

COMMON YIDDISH TERMS AND PHRASES

1. Bubbe (*BOO-beh*)
Meaning: Grandmother
Usage: A term of endearment used for one's grandmother.
Example: "My bubbe always tells the best stories."

2. Bubbeleh (*BOO-beh-leh*)
Meaning: Sweetheart, darling
Usage: A term of affection, often used for a child or loved one.
Example: "Come here, bubbeleh, and give me a hug."

3. Chutzpah (*KHOOTS-pah*)
Meaning: Audacity, nerve, boldness
Usage: Often used in regard to someone who shows extreme confidence or courage.
Example: "It takes real chutzpah to ask for a raise on your first day!"

4. Hashem (*hah-SHEM*)
Meaning: The Name (a reference to God)
Usage: Used as a reverent way of referring to God, especially in casual conversation or where it is customary not to use the divine name directly.
Example: "Baruch Hashem, we are all in good health."

5. Kvetch (*kvehch*)
Meaning: To complain
Usage: Used in relation to someone who habitually complains or gripes.
Example: "Stop kvetching and help me clean up."

6. Mazel tov (*MAH-zl tov*)
Meaning: Congratulations
Usage: A phrase used to congratulate someone, often at celebrations like weddings or births.
Example: "Mazel tov on your new job!"

7. Mishpocha (*mish-POH-khuh*)
Meaning: Family, extended family, kin
Usage: Refers to one's family or close relatives, often encompassing extended family and those considered as close as family.
Example: "We're having the whole mishpocha over for Passover dinner."

8. Naches (*NAH-khess*)
Meaning: Pride, joy
Usage: Refers to joy or pride, particularly that which a child brings to their parents.
Example: "You've brought us so much naches with your achievements."

9. Oy vey (*oy vey*)
Meaning: Oh no, woe is me
Usage: An expression of dismay, frustration, or exasperation.
Example: "Oy vey, I can't believe I left my keys at home!"

10. Schlep (*shlep*)
Meaning: To carry or drag something
Usage: Used to describe lugging something heavy or a tedious journey.
Example: "I had to schlep those heavy boxes up three flights of stairs."

11. Schmooze (*shmooz*)
Meaning: To chat, engage in friendly conversation
Usage: Often implies casual conversation, typically with an element of networking.
Example: "Let's schmooze at the coffee shop after the meeting."

12. Shalom (*sha-LOHM*)
Meaning: Peace, hello, goodbye
Usage: A traditional Jewish greeting or farewell.
Example: "Shalom, my friend. Have a good day."

13. Tchotchke (*CHOTCH-keh*)
Meaning: A small trinket or decorative item
Usage: Often refers to knickknacks or inexpensive souvenirs.
Example: "Her shelf is filled with tchotchkes from her travels."

Jewish Mythology and Folklore

1. Lilith
Lilith is a complex figure in Jewish mythology. Initially, she is considered Adam's first wife, created from the same earth. Refusing to be subservient, Lilith leaves Adam and becomes a demon, often associated with seduction and a threat to infants. Her tale reflects themes of independence and rebellion against patriarchal norms.

2. Golem
A golem is a being created from clay and brought to life through mystical and religious rituals, using specific Hebrew words or the name of God. The most famous story tells of the Golem of Prague, created by Rabbi Judah Loew to protect Jews from persecution. Golems symbolize protection and the ethical questions surrounding creation and control.

3. Dybbuk
A dybbuk is a malicious spirit believed to possess a living person, typically to complete unfinished business. It can be exorcised through ritual. Dybbuks represent themes of possession, sin, and the desire for redemption.

4. Ashmedai (Asmodeus)
Ashmedai is a demon king in Jewish folklore often associated with lust and deceit. He appears in tales involving King Solomon, from whom he steals the throne. Ashmedai embodies the struggle between good and evil and the human battle with temptation.

5. Naamah
Naamah is a demoness in Jewish mythology linked to seduction and the corruption of humankind. Often associated with Lilith, she is said to seduce men in their dreams, leading them astray. Naamah symbolizes temptation and the darker aspects of desire.

6. Behemoth
Behemoth is a massive, powerful creature mentioned in biblical texts, symbolizing untamed natural power. Often paired with Leviathan, Behemoth represents the mysteries of the natural world and the concept of raw, uncontrollable strength.

7. Leviathan
Leviathan is a primordial sea serpent from biblical literature, symbolizing chaos. It is believed to be a creature that will be slain at the end of times. Leviathan represents the unknown and the perils of the deep ocean, embodying chaos and disorder.

8. The Ziz
The Ziz is a mythical bird so large it can block out the sun with its wings. It is a counterpart to Behemoth (land) and Leviathan (sea), symbolizing the sky's domain and acting as a protector of the heavens. The Ziz represents the vastness and mystery of the skies.

9. King Solomon
King Solomon, a significant biblical figure, is renowned for his wisdom. Folklore credits him with possessing a magical ring that allowed him to command demons and communicate with animals. Solomon symbolizes the integration of wisdom, justice, and supernatural power.

10. Ring of Solomon
The Ring of Solomon is a legendary artifact said to bear the name of God, granting its wearer the ability to control demons and understand the language of animals. It represents divine authority, wisdom, and the moral responsibility that comes with power.

11. Sambatyon River
The Sambatyon River is a legendary river in Jewish folklore, known for its violent flow of rocks and fire during the week, becoming calm on the Sabbath. It is believed to border the land of the Ten Lost Tribes. The river symbolizes the sanctity of the Sabbath and the contrast between chaos and divine peace.

12. Mot
Mot is the god of death in ancient Canaanite religion, representing the forces of death and the underworld. Often depicted in opposition to Baal, Mot symbolizes the inevitability of death and the cyclical nature of life and destruction.

13. Shekhina
Shekhina represents the feminine aspect of God's presence dwelling within the community, especially during worship and prayer. It symbolizes divine immanence, comfort, and the nurturing aspect of the divine, offering a sense of closeness to God.

14. Queen of Sheba
A figure in Jewish, Christian, and Islamic traditions, the Queen of Sheba visited King Solomon to test his wisdom. She embodies the pursuit of knowledge, the crossing of cultural boundaries, and the meeting of different civilizations.

15. *The Sword of Moses*
The Sword of Moses is a mystical text from late antiquity, containing a compilation of magical spells written in Hebrew. It describes incantations and procedures to invoke the power of divine names for protection, healing, and other supernatural effects. The text metaphorically refers to these spells as Moses's "sword," highlighting the use of sacred words to access divine intervention.

16. Red Jews
Initially part of Christian eschatological narratives, the Red Jews were portrayed as a threat to Christian society, embodying anti-Semitic fears. However, Ashkenazi Jews later reappropriated the narrative, turning the Red Jews into symbols of hope and resilience, imagining them as allies who would emerge to aid Jews in times of persecution. This shift highlights the power of cultural reclamation.

"BUBBELEH, CLOSE YOUR EYES AND IMAGINE ***ANCIENT JERUSALEM***. THE YEAR WAS 930 BCE, A TIME RULED BY ***MAGIC***.

"NOW, KIDDO, PICTURE THIS: THERE WAS THE ***MIGHTY KING SOLOMON*** WITH A ***RING*** THAT COULD BOSS AROUND ***DEMONS*** AND HELD ***WHISPERS*** OF THE ***COSMOS***.

"AND THE ***QUEEN OF SHEBA;*** HER STRANGE FORESIGHT GOT FOLKS MURMURING SHE WAS HALF ***SHEDIM***. IN THOSE TIMES, DESTINY SEEMED TO WHISPER IN EVERY CORNER, AND SHADOWS WERE CRADLING MYSTERIES GALORE.

"ONE EVENING, THE KING ENJOYED A ***CALM BATH*** BEFORE THE ***STORM***.

"AND FROM THE DARK, A ***SHADOWY FIGURE*** EMERGED, ***HELL BENT, DAGGER READY,*** EYEING ITS ***PREY***.

"WITH EACH ***PLUNGE*** OF THE ***DAGGER,*** EVERY SLOWING BEAT WOVE ***DESTINY'S BLOODY TAPESTRY***.

"AS SOLOMON'S RING DESCENDED INTO THE ***ABYSS***...

"ECHOES OF ***SACRIFICE*** AND ***REBIRTH*** RESOUNDED THROUGH THE AGES...

"HERALDING THE ***DAWN*** OF A WORLD ***RESHAPED.***"

MILLENNIA LATER, THE ECHOES OF KING SOLOMON'S STORY CONTINUE TO REVERBERATE...
...AS A FATHER'S VOICE WEAVES AN ANCIENT TALE FOR HIS WIDE-EYED SON...AND THE SEAL OF SOLOMON WAITS PATIENTLY FOR ITS NEXT CHAPTER TO UNFOLD.

Present day.

WHAT DO WE KNOW ABOUT *DEMONS* FROM *JEWISH FOLKLORE?*

I THOUGHT *JEWS* WERE DEMONS.

YOU'RE ABOUT TO GET A *FIERY KICK* TO THE *DEAN'S...*

SO...DEMONS, ALSO KNOWN AS *DYBBUKS*...WE COVER *MIRRORS* AT FUNERALS BECAUSE THEY CRAVE *GRIEF.*

DAD TAUGHT ME ABOUT DEMONS. NOW ALL I THINK ABOUT IS HIS LETTER.

"MY GRIEF IS UNBEARABLE. FORGIVE ME, STAN. THIS HOLDS MY LOVE. GUARD IT CLOSE TO YOUR CHEST, BUT NEVER WEAR IT. --LOVE, DAD"

Swastikas graffitied outside English dept building.

Um, PROFESSOR, ARE YOU OK?

Dean Ellyn Batshevaak's office.

SWASTIKAS. THE WORLD IS ON *FIRE,* AND YOU'RE *STILL* HOLDING THE FUNDRAISER?!

THEY'RE ALMOST WASHED OFF...AND THE VENUE ATTRACTS AN *INFLUENTIAL CROWD.*

ELLYN...I'M ONE OF A *FEW* JEWISH TEACHERS HERE. IT'S *NOT GREAT* WHEN THE SCHOOL *SCHMOOZES WITH BIGOTS.*

STANLEY, YOU'RE AN *INCREDIBLE ASSET*...AND WRITER, BUT YOU *CAN'T REWRITE* HOW THE *WORLD WORKS.* I HAVE TO FOLLOW THE *MONEY.* OF COURSE, *YOU* GET IT.

JEWS AND THEIR *MONEY.* OF COURSE, I GET IT.

NOT WHAT I MEANT. WE *ALL* HAVE ROLES. OCCASIONALLY, WE MAKE *DIFFICULT CHOICES* FOR THE *GREATER GOOD.*

BUZZ BUZZ BUZZ

BETSY

Izzy in a fight. Get to her school now!

Later...

...never on time.

BROOKLINE HIGH SCHOOL

LOOK WHO CAN'T EVEN SHOW UP ON TIME DURING A *CRISIS*.

I *SWEAR* I NEVER SAID ANYTHING!

SHE'S *CRAZY!*

I THINK YOU MADE *IMPROVEMENTS* TO THEIR FACES.

THIS ISN'T A *GAME*, STAN. SHE'S BEING *TARGETED*.

BETS, I GET IT.

YOU *DON'T* GET IT. THEY'RE TAUNTING HER FOR BEING A *"FAKE JEW,"* AND NOW SHE'S JUST ANOTHER *"ANGRY BLACK GIRL."*

I'M SORRY. I KNOW.

NO, YOU *DON'T*. IZZY AND I ARE *BLACK JEWS*. WE CAN'T *HIDE* LIKE YOU. IT'S TIME TO *STEP UP* FOR YOUR DAUGHTER. OR *STEP OUT*.

Just great. As if this day couldn't get any **worse**.

Time to stress eat and get a little writing in...

BURROUGHS

RESTAURANT

Ariel's Delicatessen KITCHEN

PAINT & HARDWARE

DRUGS

"FORGIVE ME, MY SON..."

"NEVER WEAR THE RING."

SORRY, DAD. RINGS ARE MEANT TO BE WORN.

PH-022 0034 45E

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THAT WAS REALLY STRANGE...MUST BE *HUNGRIER* THAN I THOUGHT.

NEW NOTEBOOK AND ALL. I DON'T THINK I'VE SEEN YOU WRITE ANYTHING *IN A WHILE.*

DOES THAT AGENCY INCLUDE TAKING MY *YOGA CLASS?* YOUR MOM'S MY *STAR STUDENT.*

SADIE, IT'S TIME TO TAKE SOME *AGENCY* BACK IN MY LIFE. WEARING MY DAD'S RING AND USING HIS OLD NOTEBOOK. SORRY, DAD, YOU LEFT; YOU DON'T GET A *SAY.*

YOUR CLASS HELPED GET HER THROUGH TREATMENT. NOW, SHE COULD WIN THE *BOSTON MARATHON.*

MY TOE-TOUCHING DAYS ARE *LONG GONE--*

WHEN DID YOU GET A *SEAL OF SOLOMON TATTOO?*

STAN. SIEGEL. TAKE THAT RING OFF NOW.

YOU'RE HURTING ME. WHO THE HELL ARE YOU?!

AND THAT PAPER!

IT'S NOT FOR DOODLING, YOU DAMN FOOL!

What the fuck is that?

HAND OVER THE RING BEFORE I TEAR THE FLESH FROM YOUR FACE!

STAN, YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'VE STARTED. I KNOW YOUR FATHER. HE HAS IT WRONG.

NOW, YOU MUST GIVE ME THE RING!

YOU THOUGHT YOU COULD STOP ME, HA'MAKABI?

Stan... *cough*... follow the seal.

OH, MY G-D!

WHAT IS HAPPENING?!

NO, NO, NO!

GIVE IT BACK!

DON'T WEAR THE RING, HE SAYS!

There he is.

Keep him in sight. The *Ascended* will be pleased.

I gotta get home before anyone sees me.

The Siegel home...

STANLEY, SHOES *OFF!*

AND WHAT THE *HELL* HAPPENED TO YOUR *HAND?!*

NOT NOW, MOM!

I'VE GOT TO FIND SOMETHING IN DAD'S STUDY!

YOU'RE ACTING *MESHUGGE*. I JUST CLEANED. WHAT'S GOING ON?

There *has* to be something here...

Come on, Dad. Don't let me down *again*.

GOT YA!

GAIL KAMINSKY...

CALL GAIL KAMINSKY 555-6527

Uh. YOU MUST BE--

RABBI GAIL KAMINSKY.

NOW. I'M FREEZING. PREPARE ME A COFFEE.

GAIL.

RABBI.

RABBI. I PUT MY DAD'S RING ON AND ***REALITY BROKE.*** YOU TWO WERE WORKING ON SOMETHING TOGETHER. WHAT WAS IT?

WHAT ABOUT IT?

THE RING OF SOLOMON.

COFFEE NO GOOD, GAIL?

IT'S ***RABBI.***

AND, NO, IT'S ***BITTER.***

YOUR FATHER, BENJAMIN, WAS OBSESSING OVER THE POWER OF ***GOLEMS.***

THE ***DEMON*** SOUGHT THE ***RING,*** LIKELY FOR SOMETHING ***DEEPLY MALEVOLENT.*** IT'S ATYPICAL. DEMONS REQUIRE A ***SPIRITUAL HOST BODY*** TO UTILIZE IT.

FROM ***YOUR*** ACCOUNT, YOU ***COULD*** BE AN EXTRAORDINARY TYPE OF ***GOLEM,*** CAPABLE OF ACQUIRING ***TEMPORARY POWERS*** BY ***WRITING AND CONSUMING*** THE PARCHMENT MADE FROM THE HIDE OF ***ANCIENT GATEKEEPER CREATURES.***

YOUR FATHER BELIEVED HE POSSESSED A ***NOTEBOOK*** CRAFTED OF THIS SAME PARCHMENT. BUT OBTAINING SUCH PARCHMENT IS NEARLY AN ***INSURMOUNTABLE TASK.***

RABBI. PARCHMENT LIKE ***THIS?***

OH, AND FORGOT ABOUT THIS ***SWORD...***

NO...THIS CANNOT BE...THAT IS THE ***SWORD OF MOSES!***

THE ***MOST POWERFUL WEAPON*** IN ALL THE ***UNIVERSE.***

NEXT TIME YOU WANNA PRETEND TO BE A RABBI, TOUCH THE ***MEZUZAH.***

MOM. WHERE DID YOU GET A ***GUN?!*** AND HAVE YOU ***LOST YOUR MIND?***

SHE ***AIN'T*** A RABBI. AND SHE'S GOT BLOOD ON HER SKIRT.

MOMMY KNOWS ***BEST.***

"POOR GAIL. DIDN'T EVEN SEE ME COMING."

THE ***ASCENDED*** NEEDS YOU AND YOUR DAUGHTER.

AND LIZ, I WASN'T GOING TO KILL YOU, BUT YOUR COFFEE IS ***HORRIBLE.***

STAN CRUSH!

SKSSH

AIIEEE!

MY COFFEE IS ***FINE,*** BITCH.

MOM, SOMETHING *BIG* IS GOING ON. I HAVE TO GET *IZZY.*

I BEAT *CANCER,* AND NOW I'M GONNA BEAT THESE *ASSHOLES.*

LET'S TAKE MY CAR.

NO. I'VE GOT SOMETHING *FASTER.*

OH, MY GOSH, SHE'S *SAFE!*

AW! MY LITTLE MUNCHKIN.

IZZY. I'M SO SORRY. BUT YOU NEED TO COME WITH ME AND NANA.

WAIT. HOW DID YOU EVEN GET IN *MY ROOM?*

I DON'T KNOW. A STUFFED ANIMAL?!

OK. WHAT'S SOMETHING YOU LEFT AT MY HOUSE?

HERE YOU GO.

YOU'RE A *SUPERHERO!*

THIS IS WHY YOU'RE *ALWAYS LATE!*

WELL, THIS IS A MORE *RECENT* THING--

SO DOES THIS MEAN *I'M* A *SUPERHERO?*

I DON'T KNOW IF IT WORKS LIKE THAT, HONEY.

TRUST ME, YOU'RE *ALREADY* A HERO IN MY BOOK.

WE GOTTA GO!

LIZ? STAN?! WHAT ARE YOU DOING IN *OUR* HOUSE?

BETS. LET ME EXPLAIN.

WE DON'T HAVE TIME.

THE CLIFFS NOTES: *NAZIS* AND *MONSTERS* ARE AFTER ALL OF US.

Stan, did you lose weight?

SSSH

IZZY!

THE *SEAL!*

I'LL GET IZZY, I PROMISE.

Powers are *temporary.* Got it.

GET UP.

AND LET'S GET MY GRAND-DAUGHTER *BACK!*

I'M FINE, BY THE WAY. THANKS FOR ASKING.

WE NEED TO FIND SADIE...

Meanwhile...

...in Bets's house.

9-1-1, WHAT'S YOUR EMERGENCY?

AHHH!

HELLO? IS ANYONE THERE?

IF YOU CAN HEAR ME, PLEASE MAKE A NOISE OR SAY SOMETHING. I NEED TO KNOW IF YOU'RE IN DANGER.

=GURGLE=

IF YOU CAN'T TALK, PLEASE PRESS ANY BUTTON ON YOUR PHONE SO I CAN TRACK YOUR LOCATION. WE HAVE OFFICERS NEARBY WHO CAN COME TO YOUR AID.

SORRY. FALSE ALARM.

WE ARE FINE.

You think *Sadie* took my granddaughter?

She had the *same tattoo* as the person who grabbed Izzy. I *have* to follow the seal.

STAN AND LIZ?!

Sadie's yoga class.

WICKED SOULFLOW yoga

COME ON, MOM! WE *CAN'T* LET HER *GET AWAY.*

TAXI!

SIR, *DON'T* LET THAT CAR IN FRONT *GET AWAY.*

BANG

BLAM

THEY'RE *SHOOTING* AT US!

NOW WOULD BE A *GREAT TIME* TO DO ONE OF YOUR *MAGIC TRICKS.*

THESE SONS OF BITCHES ARE ABOUT TO GET *SMOKED!*

DID YOU JUST *WASTE AN EXTRA SIXTY SECONDS* COMING UP WITH THAT?

WHAT CAN I SAY, I'M A *WRITER.*

I don't know how or why. Is it the sword? But I feel their presence.

The people murdered in the Holocaust, their power and pain surges through me.

WERE THOSE? DID I...

I CAN STILL *FEEL* THEM. *ALL* OF THEM...

SIR, *WHERE* ARE WE GOING?

BOTH OF YOU, OUT OF THE CAR. ***NOW!***

YOU KIDNAPPED MY DAUGHTER. AND YOU'RE GOING TO ***KILL*** US?

I'M NOT GOING TO KILL YOU. ***TRUST ME,*** BETTER ***US*** THAN THOSE ***NAZIS*** BACK THERE.

I PROMISE THIS WILL ALL MAKE SENSE SOON.

HONEY, ARE YOU OK?

WHAP

CRACK

Somewhere underground.

MY HEAD IS *KILLING* ME.

STAN, ARE YOU OK?

I NEED TO GET MY NOTEBOOK BACK.

DAD!

YOU *FOUND* ME!

MY *MESPUCHAH*. SORRY FOR THE WHACK TO THE HEAD.

BUT IT'S A *FAMILY REUNION!*

Fuck me...

END OF ISSUE ONE

Colonial Boston, 1649.

"The Wandering Jew of Boston," a folktale written by Stan Siegel. Based on a true story.

IN AN ERA ***ETCHED*** WITH THE ***QUILL OF PIETY,*** A TRAVELER FROM THE NETHERLANDS WALKED THE WARY STREETS OF COLONIAL BOSTON, HIS MISSION CLOAKED AS HIS MANTLE...

RABBI SOLOMON FRANCO, BEARING A ***SHOFAR*** AND HIS ***SACRED SCROLLS,*** WAS TASKED WITH A DELIVERY-- A PROMISE OF PAYMENT UPON ITS SAFE ARRIVAL.

YET, AMIDST THE PURITANS, HIS ***OTHERNESS*** CAST A SHADOW, ***SUSPICION*** WOVEN INTO EACH WARY GLANCE.

Home of Major General Gibbons.

AT THE RESIDENCE OF ***MAJOR GENERAL GIBBONS,*** SOLOMON, ENTRUSTED WITH THE PARCEL, ENCOUNTERED THE GUARDED GAZE OF THE MAJOR GENERAL.

CLUTCHING HIS DAUGHTER, THE MAJOR GENERAL'S MISTRUST WAS AS PALPABLE AS THE ***DENSE BOSTON FOG,*** HIS QUESTIONS PROBING SOLOMON'S ***PURPOSE*** AND THE ***VERY ROOTS*** OF HIS ***FAITH.***

SOLOMON AND THE MAJOR GENERAL'S DAUGHTER SHARED A ***GAZE*** THAT BLOOMED INTO ***SILENT REFUGE.***

WITHIN THEIR BRIEF EXCHANGE, A WHISPER OF ***HOPE*** AND FRAGILE LOVE DARED TO STIR IN A WORLD ENSHROUDED IN ***MISTRUST.***

THE MAJOR GENERAL, WITH A ***DECISIVE GRIP,*** CLAIMED HIS CARGO. DISMISSING SOLOMON WITH AN AIR OF ***FINALITY,*** HE DECLARED THAT THEIR DEALINGS, INCLUDING PAYMENT, WOULD RESUME COME MORNING.

AMIDST BOSTON'S MURMURING WETLANDS, SOLOMON WHISPERS PRAYERS TO ***HASHEM***, WEAVING HIS FAITH INTO THE ENCHANTED ***FLORA*** UNSEEN BY THE WORLD.

IN THOSE WETLANDS, FATE WOVE A ***CLANDESTINE TAPESTRY***, BINDING THE ***RABBI'S SOUL*** TO THAT OF THE MAJOR GENERAL'S ***DAUGHTER***, THEIR HANDS A ***SILENT TESTAMENT*** TO A LOVE BOTH TENDER AND ***FORBIDDEN***.

AT SOLOMON'S THROAT ***GIBBONS' KNIFE*** SCREAMS A ***CRUEL FATE***--BETRAYAL'S SHARP SCENT, LOVE'S SILENCED CRIES, AND PROMISES TURNED TO ***DUST***. IN THIS MOMENT, SOLOMON STANDS AT THE PRECIPICE OF ***LOSS***, ***STRIPPED*** OF ***LOVE***, ***WEALTH***, AND THE ***WAY HOME***.

SOLOMON, A ***WANDERER*** IN A WORLD TURNED ***HOSTILE***, FLEES WITH A HEART HEAVY AND HAUNTED.

HERE, AMIDST THE SHADOWS, HE DARES TO CALL UPON ***HASHEM***, NOT FOR ***SANCTUARY***, BUT IN ***A TEMPEST OF FURY***, SEEKING ***VENGEANCE*** AGAINST THOSE WHO HAVE STRIPPED HIM OF ***LOVE***, OF ***HOME***, OF ***HOPE***.

IN THIS ***BITTER PLEA***, HE CROSSES A ***SACRED LINE***, HIS SOUL ECHOING WITH THE ***WEIGHT*** OF A ***LOVE LOST*** AND A ***CURSE*** BORN FROM ***DESPAIR***.

SOLOMON SOUNDS THE ***SHOFAR***, ITS ***ANCIENT CRY RENDING THE HEAVENS***.

TEKIAH

A ***DESPERATE PLEA*** TO TURN ***DIVINE EARS...***

...TOWARDS A ***VENGEFUL CURSE***.

AS IT IS WRITTEN, "*AND WHOEVER CURSES YOU, I WILL CURSE,*" HIS ANGER AGAINST THE WORLD ***TWISTED*** HIM. IN THE THROES OF THIS TURMOIL, HE IS ***RESHAPED***, HIS FURY GIVING BIRTH TO A ***MONSTROUS FORM*** AMID THE ***ENTWINING GREEN***.

FROM THIS ***CHRYSALIS OF RAGE*** AND ***LOST FAITH***, HE EMERGES ANEW--NOT MERELY ALTERED BUT ***REBORN*** AS THE FORMIDABLE ***GATEKEEPER*** AT THE THRESHOLD OF THE ***UNKNOWN WORLD***, WHERE SECRETS CALL AND ***PRIMAL FORCES STIR***.

AMIDST THE EVER-CHANGING TIDES OF TIME, A ***BASEBALL STADIUM*** WAS BUILT OVER THE WETLAND. TO QUELL THE ***HAUNTING ECHOES*** OF NATURE'S ***RAW*** AND ***EERIE FURY***, A WALL WAS ERECTED--A ***STARK MONUMENT*** MEANT TO ***SILENCE*** THE ***MYSTERIOUS PRESENCE*** THAT RESONATED IN THE HEART OF THE CITY.

AND THUS, THIS ***GREEN MONSTER***, SOLOMON FRANCO'S ***ENDURING POWER***, REMAINED ***IMPRISONED*** WITHIN THE STADIUM'S WALL, ***WHISPERING ITS TALE*** THROUGH THE EBB AND FLOW OF ***TIME***.

The Present.
Still underground...
LET GO OF MY *DAUGHTER.*
DO YOU THINK WE SCARE EASILY? WITH YOUR *BATHROBE* AND *HALLOWEEN MASK?*
IT TOOK A LOT TO GET THIS.
THE MASK IS *9,000 YEARS OLD.*
I ASSUME YOU WANT THIS *CANE* BACK, HONEY?
BENNY! YOU *SON OF A--*
COME ON. WE'VE GOT *A LOT* TO CATCH UP ON.
GOOD OL' *BENNY.* CRAWLING BACK INTO OUR LIVES LIKE A FUCKING *RAT* OUT OF THE *SEWER.*
Ah, LIZ, YOUR CHARM'S AS *SUBTLE* AS EVER--LIKE A *SLEDGEHAMMER* TO THE EARS.
Nana *swears* a lot...
OK. SO, DAD IS *CLEARLY INSANE* NOW. RIGHT?
HE'S ALWAYS BEEN *NUTS,* JUST LIKE HIS *MOTHER.*
YA KNOW, SHE TRIED TO CHANGE THE ENTIRE SEATING ARRANGEMENT THE DAY OF OUR WEDDING. BITCH...
IN CASE ANYONE CARES, I'M DOING JUST FINE OVER HERE. THANKS FOR CHECKING.

EVERYONE, MEET MY FAMILY.

FAMILY, MEET THE ***MOST POWERFUL GOLEMS*** ON THE PLANET.

AND GUESS WHAT, STAN? YOU'RE PART OF THE CLUB!

OY. DAD... THIS IS ***BAD.*** THIS IS...

NEXT-LEVEL ***STUPID.***

YOU BUILT AN ***UNDERGROUND JEW TUNNEL*** TO PLAY DRESS-UP WITH YOUR ***WEIRDO FRIENDS.***

MORE LIKE ***ACQUIRED.*** NOT BUILT...

I WANT ***ANSWERS.*** THE ***WHOLE*** STORY.

YOU LEFT ME WHEN I NEEDED YOU MOST.

YOU ***DITCHED US*** FOR A ***GODDAMN "MAGIC CLUB"?***

I MEAN, WE'RE NOT DOING ***BIRTHDAY PARTIES.***

WE'RE ON A MISSION TO ***SAVE MANKIND.***

LOOK. WHEN I FOUND OUT YOU WERE SICK, LIZ...IT ***TORE ME APART.*** I SHOULD'VE BEEN THERE.

BUT I STUMBLED UPON ALL OF THIS...

WE'RE IN A GAME WHERE IF WE ***DON'T WIN,*** THE CONSEQUENCES ARE ***UNTHINKABLE.***

YOU INSANE SON OF A BITCH! YOU BROKE THROUGH MY DAUGHTER'S WINDOW AND KIDNAPPED HER BY HELICOPTER! ***WHY?!***

I REGRET THE WAY THINGS UNFOLDED WITH IZZY. I NEEDED TO GET YOU ALL HERE, AND LOOKING BACK, THAT WAS NOT THE BEST PLAN.

THE SWAT APPROACH WAS NOT MY IDEA.

YES, IT WAS!

BELIEVE ME, THE DANGER WE'RE ALL IN IS BEYOND YOUR WILDEST FEARS. SULOCHANA, HELP ME SHOW THEM.

PLEASE RELAX. LET ME OPEN YOUR MINDS.

WHAT YOU'LL SEE IS AN INTERPRETATION OF PAST EVENTS.

Sulochana was the stage name of Indian silent film actress Ruby Myers, a Baghdadi Jew. I *love* these kinds of facts.

PREPARE YOURSELF FOR SOME ***LENGTHY EXPOSITION,*** AND SOME ***EXCELLENT STORYTELLING.***

SOLOMON'S STORY DIDN'T JUST ***FADE AWAY*** WITH HIS REIGN. BORED WITH THE CROWN, HE YEARNED FOR AN ENCORE--***ETERNITY ITSELF.***

CUE ***ASHMEDAI,*** THE ***POWER-HUNGRY DEMON,*** WHOM SOLOMON APPROACHED WITH A SEEMINGLY SIMPLE TRADE: HIS ***MAGICAL RING*** FOR THE GIFT OF ***NEVER-ENDING DAYS.*** BUT TRUST SOLOMON TO HAVE A ***TRICK*** UP HIS SLEEVE.

HE PROMISED THE RING YET DEVISED A LABYRINTH OF ***CLUES*** AND ***DECOYS,*** A ***TREASURE HUNT*** ASHMEDAI COULD NEVER HOPE TO COMPLETE.

THE RESULT? ASHMEDAI WAS LEFT CHASING SHADOWS WHILE SOLOMON SLIPPED AWAY INTO THE ANNALS OF TIME, HIS RING SAFE AND HIS LEGACY SECURED AS THE KING WHO ***OUTWITTED*** ETERNITY.

"THROUGHOUT THE AGES, SOLOMON BORE WITNESS TO THE RISE AND FALL OF ***EMPIRES*** AND THE EBB AND FLOW OF ***HUMAN TRIUMPH*** AND ***TRAGEDY.*** HE WANDERED THROUGH OUR WORLD'S ***BREATHTAKING MARVELS*** AND ***SHADOWED FORGOTTEN CORNERS.***

"YET, NOTHING SHOOK SOLOMON TO HIS CORE LIKE THE HORRORS OF THE ***HOLOCAUST.*** THE ***UNSPEAKABLE CRUELTY*** INFLICTED ON OUR PEOPLE, THE ***SENSELESS DESTRUCTION***--IT WAS A NIGHTMARISH CHAPTER IN HISTORY THAT LEFT AN ***INDELIBLE MARK*** ON HIS IMMORTAL SOUL.

"IMAGINE A LIFE IMMERSED IN HISTORY BOOKS, THEN ***DESTINY*** LANDS ON YOUR DOORSTEP ONE DAY. ***SOLOMON'S RING***, A LEGEND I'D CHASED IN TEXTS, SUDDENLY BECAME MY ***REALITY***.

"***RABBI GAIL KAMINSKY*** WARNED OF ITS ***IMMENSE POWER***. BUT THE LURE OF THE RING...IT WAS ***IRRESISTIBLE***. WEARING IT, I WAS CATAPULTED INTO A ***TUMULT OF VISIONS***, AN ***EPIC*** SPANNING CENTURIES UNRAVELED BEFORE MY EYES.

"I SAW FRAGMENTS OF PAST AND PRESENT. THE DEAL SOLOMON MADE WITH ASHMEDAI. THE DEMON KING UNLEASHING THE ***APOCALYPTIC BEASTS--BEHEMOTH, LEVIATHAN,*** AND ***ZIZ***.

"AND THEN I SAW HER: A ***WOMAN*** WHO KEPT POPPING UP IN MY RESEARCH...***HELENA BLAVATSKY,*** A MYSTIC WHOSE ***DARK AMBITIONS*** ALMOST OUTWITTED THE WISE KING.

"SHE FOUND SOLOMON DURING THE WORLD'S ***DARKEST HOUR,*** TWISTING HIS ARM WITH ***HONEYED WORDS*** ABOUT A ***WORLD REBORN, FREE OF PAIN AND HATE***.

"TOGETHER, THEY CONJURED A SPELL ACROSS TIME AND SPACE, CREATING ***GOLEMS***--MAGICAL BEINGS INFUSED WITH POWER.

"REALIZING ***TOO LATE*** THE ***HORROR*** OF THEIR DEED, SOLOMON WITHDREW, SECURING THE KEY THAT COULD UNLEASH THESE BEASTS.

"IN HER ***FINAL ACT,*** BLAVATSKY USED HER DARK MAGIC TO ***BANISH*** SOLOMON TO THE ***UNKNOWN WORLD***. THIS ACT, HOWEVER, COST BLAVATSKY HER OWN LIFE.

"THAT'S ALL I COULD SEE BEFORE THE RING WENT ***SILENT***."

SO TO CLOSE OUT THIS EXPOSITION...

THE WEIGHT OF THIS RING...IT'S BEEN A ***BURDEN*** I NEVER ANTICIPATED.

WHEN THE RING CAME TO ME, IT HAD A NOTE THAT SAID TO ***ENTRUST IT*** WITH THE ***SON***. SO THAT'S WHAT I DID!

WE'RE IN A RACE AGAINST TIME. WE NEED TO FIND KING SOLOMON, HE'S THE ***ONLY ONE*** WHO CAN FEND OFF THE DARKNESS THAT BLAVATSKY LEFT BEHIND.

Meanwhile, at Bets's House.

MOTEK, I'M REALLY SCARED ABOUT IZZY.

WE'LL GET IZZY BACK SOON. NOW, LET'S ENJOY THE MEAL I'VE PREPARED. A NEW DAY AWAITS US.

Izzy's stepfather, now a vessel for the ***dybbuk***, binds Bets, setting the stage for a ghastly feast beyond imagination.

WHAT ***MADNESS*** IS THIS? WHY ARE YOU DOING THIS TO ME?

BEHOLD THE ***TRUTH*** IN THE ***BLADE'S MIRROR.***

No...this ***darkness...*** I can feel it, weaving its way around my mind.

AH, THE SWEET SAVOR OF ***DESPAIR!*** YOUR MEMORIES, ONCE TREASURES, NOW SERVE AS ***EXQUISITE TORMENT.***

Poor Bets, she doesn't deserve this.

Back underground...

THIS IS *INSANE!* YOU LEFT A CHILD WITH ONE OF THE *MOST POTENT MAGICAL AMULETS.*

HOW CAN WE POSSIBLY *TRUST YOU* AFTER ALL THIS?

I NEED YOU TO UNDERSTAND. I LOVE YOU ALL, BUT THIS IS BIGGER THAN *ALL OF US.*

STAN, YOU'RE THE *KEY* TO ENTERING THE *UNKNOWN WORLD.*

YOUR *POWER...* IT'S THE ONLY WAY TO GET *SOLOMON* BACK.

YOU'RE A *MANIAC* IF YOU THINK I'M GOING TO LEAVE MY FAMILY AND GO AFTER SOME *MYTHICAL LOST KING.*

IZZY, FIND SOMEWHERE SAFE NOW!

DAD, MY HEAD...I THINK SOMETHING *BAD* IS ABOUT TO HAPPEN.

CLICK CLICK CLICK

EVERYONE, GET DOWN--

KABOOM

A FAMILY REUNION. BY *MY* DESIGN.

JEWS.

DEAN BATSHEVAAK?!

YOU'RE A *NAZI?*

YOU'VE GOT TO BE KIDDING ME. OF ALL THE TWISTS...

Ah, THESE NAZIS, JUST PASSIONATE CONTRACTORS.

I'M SO GLAD YOUR IDIOT FATHER LISTENED TO MY NOTE AND GAVE YOU THE RING.

YOUR POWERS NEEDED A BIT OF A *JUMP-START.*

LET ME PROPERLY INTRODUCE MYSELF. MY NAME IS *HELENA BLAVATSKY.*

ANCIENT AND FABULOUS. LISTEN. THIS IS GOING TO MOVE QUICKLY.

MY NAZI COLLEAGUES ARE GOING TO KILL EVERYONE HERE. AND I'M GOING TO TAKE YOU, STANLEY, AND MY DEAR IZZY.

IMPOSSIBLE! THAT WOULD MAKE YOU--

THE *HELL* YOU ARE!

AMUSING CHOICE OF WORDS.

GIVING STAN A RUN FOR HIS MONEY--

SOLDIER.

MAKE IT *QUICK.*

HELP!

GRRAR!

GAH!

NEED TO GET TO THE NOTEBOOK.

QUICK, STAN! I'LL JUST TELEPORT EVERYONE.

DAMN! CAN'T RELY ON THE SAME TRICK TWICE...

THINK. THINK!

NO! IT'S MOVING TOO FAST.

AAH!

DAD!

I GOT IT!

Let's slow things down a bit...

The world slows to a crawl.

UP THE STAIRS! FAST.

I DON'T KNOW HOW LONG EVERYTHING WILL STAY FROZEN.

DON'T HAVE TO TELL ME TWICE!

SADIE! HOW ARE YOU NOT FROZEN?!

MAGIC DOESN'T WORK ON ME, STAN.

AND I'M AFRAID YOU HAVE TO COME WITH ME.

SADIE, GET OUT OF MY WAY. I DON'T WANT TO HURT--

WHACK

LET'S MOVE, PEOPLE!

THAT WAS AWESOME, NANA!

MOM, ARE YOU OK?

I'M ALL RIGHT, JUST A LITTLE WINDED.

LET'S KEEP MOVING!

THIS WAY!

The baseball stadium...

Love my Boston.

WHY WOULD BENNY DO ALL OF THIS UNDER THE *STADIUM?*

BECAUSE HE'S A *MORON.*

THE MONSTER BEYOND THE WALL. THE STORY IS REAL!

I KNOW WHY WE'RE HERE! THE SOLOMON FRANCO STORY, DAD. REMEMBER?

PARK SECURITY?! *RUN!*

WHERE THE FUCK DID THEY COME FROM?

EVERYBODY, DOWN!

DAMN! IT'S *LOCKED.*

LEAVE IT TO MOMMY, STAN.

I HAVE AN IDEA.

BZZZ

CRACK

MOMMY KNOWS BEST.

YOUR CATCH PHRASE, NOW?

I LIKE IT, NANA.

KEEP GOING. IT'S GOTTA BE DOWN HERE. OUR WAY INTO THE *UNKNOWN WORLD.*

IZZY! SLOW DOWN.

WE CAN'T LISTEN TO BENNY. HE DOESN'T KNOW WHAT HE'S TALKING ABOUT!

IT'S *NOT* JUST A FAIRY TALE! YOU WERE *RIGHT,* DAD!

BUT HOW IS THAT EVEN *POSSIBLE?* I MADE THAT STORY UP.

AND THERE'S NO WAY IN.

USE THE *SWORD,* NANA.

HOLY--

SHIT.

IT'S A GODDAMN--

--GREEN MONSTER!

WHY AM I LOOKING AT A GIANT *RAM?*

I AM ***NO RAM.*** I AM A ***GUARDIAN,*** A ***GATEKEEPER*** OF THE ***UNKNOWN WORLD.***

UPON YOU, I SMELL ***ANCIENT MAGIC.*** BUT TELL ME, MORTALS, DO YOU BEAR THE ***WISDOM*** TO TREAD THESE ***SACRED REALMS?*** DOES THE ***LIGHT OF HASHEM*** IGNITE WITHIN YOUR SOULS THE ***COURAGE*** OF THE ***RIGHTEOUS?***

SPEAK, ***CHILDREN OF DUST,*** AND LET YOUR WORDS BE WEIGHED IN THE ***BALANCE OF ETERNITY.***

COME ON, DAD! TELL HIM WHY WE'RE HERE.

IZZY, THIS IS ***INSANE,*** BUT WHAT DO WE HAVE TO LOSE...

GATEKEEPER.

WE NEED TO GET INTO THE ***UNKNOWN WORLD.*** WE HAVE TO FIND... ***KING SOLOMON*** BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE.

IS IT THAT EPOCH ALREADY? BEFORE I GRANT YOU PASSAGE, YOU MUST PROVE YOURSELVES ***WORTHY...***

WILL YOU FACE ME IN ***COMBAT,*** OR SHALL YOU TEST YOUR WITS WITH A ***RIDDLE?***

What's a folktale without a sphinx?

WE CHOOSE ***RIDDLE.*** TREBEK PREPARED ME FOR THIS MOMENT, REST HIS BEAUTIFUL, HANDSOME SOUL.

I ***GOT*** THIS.

NANA! THIS ISN'T ***TV.***

VERY WELL, ELIZABETH. LISTEN CAREFULLY, FOR THE ANSWER LIES IN THE ***ECHOES OF FORGOTTEN TALES*** AND THE ***WHISPERS OF THE AGES.***

WHAT IS ***ALWAYS*** IN FRONT OF YOU BUT CAN ***NEVER BE SEEN?***

MOM?

NANA?

TREBEK SAVES THE DAY...

WHAT IS DEATH?

I DO NOT KNOW THIS ***TREBEK*** YOU SPEAK OF, BUT YOU HAVE PROVEN YOURSELVES ***WORTHY.***

STEP FORTH, SEEKERS OF ***KING SOLOMON,*** AND JOURNEY INTO THE ***UNKNOWN WORLD.***

BUT FIRST, A ***SACRIFICE*** MUST BE MADE.

IF ANYONE IS GOING TO DIE, IT'S GOING TO BE ***YOU,*** PAL!

YOU ARE CORRECT. YOUR HEART IS ***PURE,*** ELIZABETH. BREATHE EASY.

I AM READY TO RETURN HOME. END MY LIFE WITH YOUR SWORD. REMOVE MY ***HORN*** AND BLOW IT TO OPEN THE GATE.

SHLNK

MAYBE LET'S THINK ABOUT THIS BEFORE YOU--

TAKE IT ALREADY! IT'S ***HEAVY.***

TEKIAH

LET'S GO GET ***SOLOMON*** AND ***SAVE THE WORLD!***

TOGETHER!

ANYONE ELSE ***STARVING?!***

A few years ago...

IZZY WORKED *SO HARD* ON THAT COMIC BOOK. *"LILITH'S FRIEND."* SHE WAS SO PROUD.

LILITHS FRIEND

ARGH! YOU *NEVER* READ IT!

!

STAN WAS ALWAYS LOST IN HIS OWN WORLD. THAT *DAMN STORY* HE WAS CONVINCED WOULD CHANGE EVERYTHING.

YET, *"EVERYTHING"* NEVER SEEMED TO INCLUDE *US*, IZZY MOST OF ALL.

AND GUESS WHO IS ALWAYS LEFT PICKING UP THE PIECES?

LILITHS FRIEND

SNARL

I KNOW I could have been a BETTER HUSBAND.

STAN? IS THAT ***YOU?*** BUT THIS...***ALREADY HAPPENED.*** THIS IS A MEMORY. BUT HOW IS THIS POSSIBLE? ***SOMEONE*** IS HERE...WITH ME.

SO MUCH ***PAIN*** IN YOUR MEMORIES. LET US GO BACK ***FURTHER...***

MY LEG HURTS ***SO MUCH.*** I'M FREEZING. THEY KEEP SAYING WE'RE ALMOST AT ***ADDIS ABABA.***

Operation Solomon.
The Beta Israel.
Ethiopia, 1991.

MY LEG REALLY, REALLY ***HURTS.*** I THINK IT'S BROKEN. WHY WASN'T I MORE CAREFUL?

MY GRANDPA, MY ***AYAT,*** IS HERE, HOLDING ME. HE LOOKS REALLY TIRED AND SAD, BUT HE TELLS ME IT'LL BE ***OK.***

SOMETHING IS ***NOT*** RIGHT. WAIT--WHY DO I FEEL HIM LIKE HE'S ***HERE*** RIGHT NOW? THIS IS **NOT REAL!**

HELP ME!

I AM ***NOT*** YOUR ***AYAT.*** EVERY ***ESCAPE,*** EVERY SEARCH FOR ***BELONGING,*** HAS LED YOU TO ***US.***

I never truly appreciated how much Bets gave up by being with me--her community, the homeland she almost died for. And what I took away from Izzy...

Now.

Bets's kitchen.

GRRWN

FROM THE DREAMS OF A HOMELAND TO THE ASHES OF LOVE, YOUR JOURNEY HAS BEEN A MIRAGE.

SNARL

UNNGH

NOW, SURROUNDED BY THE SHADOWS OF FORSAKEN HOPES, EMBRACE THE DARKNESS AS YOUR ONLY TRUE REFUGE.

URRM

Meanwhile, in the...~~present?~~ Future?

Meanwhile, in the Unknown World at the Forest of Whispering Souls.

EVERYONE OK? MOM, YOU REALLY WENT FULL RAMBO BACK THERE...

YOUR DAD REALLY IS THE WORST. AND I GOTTA GET COFFEE. I'M ***DYING HERE.***

Hssssss

Dad, I don't think we're ***alone...***

Hello, Izzy.

The lost queen... ***returned.***

DID YOU HEAR THAT?

A while back, there was a news story about children who remember past lives.

A ***golem.*** But more...

The ***fearless*** one.

One little girl, a toddler, had an ***imaginary friend*** who played the piano and loved dancing.

OOOPH!

WHO ARE YOU?

SOON, LITTLE ONE.

IZZY! ARE YOU OK?

It was all fun and games until one day, the little girl told her mother her friend "has numbers on her arm, and they make her sad."

DAD, I DON'T LIKE THIS ANYMORE. IT'S NOT THE ***FUN HERO ADVENTURE.*** JUST ***MARY SUE*** THIS LIKE YOU HAVE BEEN AND END IT!

FIRST, I'D BE A ***MARTY STU.*** SECOND, I WISH IT WERE THAT ***SIMPLE,*** SWEETHEART. BUT USING THESE POWERS...

FOR ONCE THINK OF ***ME...*** OF NANA...OF MAMA. I'M ***SCARED,*** AND I'M ASKING YOU TO ***STOP THIS.***

...IT COULD HAVE ***CONSEQUENCES*** WE DON'T UNDERSTAND. EVERYTHING'S MOVING ***SO FAST--***

rustle

And her friend "misses her family. She was taken from her family..."

Uh, IS THAT A WOMAN?

IS WHAT A...? WAIT. THAT'S A WOMAN.

YOU TWO ARE QUITE THE DETECTIVES. MAYBE SHE'LL HAVE COFFEE.

YOO-HOO!

MOM. PLEASE DON'T. DON'T GO OVER THERE!

OH STOP IT, STAN. SHE LOOKS ***HARMLESS.***

HONEY, PARDON ME.

MOM. GET BACK! THAT'S--

SCREEE

There she is in all her glory. The one who defied ***Adam*** and ***paid the ultimate price*** for her ***independence.***

STAY BEHIND ME, IZZY!

I KNOW WHAT YOU ARE...TAKE ON SOMEONE YOUR OWN--

SAY ANOTHER *UNORIGINAL WORD,* AND I *PUNCH A HOLE THROUGH YOUR SKULL.*

MY NAME IS~

LILITH!

Those ancient eyes, haunting and tragic.

BUT YOU CAN'T BE...YOU WERE IN MY COMIC. THIS WHOLE PLACE WAS...

TELL THE DEMON. TELL HER. HELP US FIND SOLOMON.

I SENSE A GREAT SOUL *BOUND* ACROSS THE COSMOS TO YOU, LITTLE ONE.

HER VOICE IS GETTING *CLEARER...*

HE IS A *TRICKSTER,* A *TEACHER,* A *SORCERER.*

HE IS MANY THINGS, AND HE IS ALSO THE ONE WHO HOLDS MY HEART.

MY LOVE ASIDE, SOLOMON IS THE *KEY* TO SAVING MANKIND.

MAN BE DAMNED! HE WHO TURNED ME INTO THIS *MONSTER...*BUT FOR THE QUEEN, I *YIELD.*

THE PATH TO SOLOMON IS *FRAUGHT* WITH *DANGERS* BEYOND MORTAL COMPREHENSION. BEYOND ME LIE REALMS WHERE TIME DISTORTS AND REALITY SHIFTS.

YOUR TRIALS WILL TEST YOUR VERY ESSENCE~FACING A *MOTHER OF DEMONS, IMMORTAL WARRIORS,* AND AN *ANCIENT GOD.* AND IF YOU REACH *SOLOMON,* BE WARY...

How would she know all of this?

...THE MAN YOU FIND MAY NOT BE THE SAGE YOU SEEK BUT A *KING* WHOSE WISDOM HAS BEEN SHARPENED BY *CRUELTY.*

YOU HAVE THE HEARTS OF *WARRIORS;* NOW, LET ME GARB YOU IN *ARMOR* BEFITTING YOUR *VALOR.*

"THIS NEXT PART WILL TEST YOU LIKE ***NEVER*** BEFORE. WHERE EACH DROP ECHOES A HEART'S ***ACHE.***"

The Ocean of Tears.

There's a famous Hasidic story about the VORKER REBBE...

I DON'T KNOW HOW MUCH LONGER I CAN KEEP THIS UP WITHOUT A COFFEE. MY HEAD IS ***POUNDING.***

THIS PLACE... LIKE IT'S ALL PRESSING IN.

YEAH, IT'S LIKE MY CHEST IS ***TIGHT.*** I CAN'T SHAKE THIS FEELING...

YEAH. I'VE HAD A FEELING FOR A LONG TIME NOW... YOU'RE A ***GODDAMN LIAR!***

EXCUSE ME?

YOU'RE ***WEAK.*** SUCH A ***DISAPPOINTMENT.***

I ***SAW*** WHAT YOU ***DID*** BEFORE WE GOT TO THE NIGHTMARE FOREST.

I ***HATE*** YOU, DAD!

...Wait. Why did I say ***that?***

AND WHAT ARE ***YOU*** TALKING ABOUT, NANA?

ANGER AND BLAME, SO RAW AND VIBRANT.

WHEN I WAS GOING THROUGH ***FUCKING CHEMO,*** ALL YOU CARED ABOUT WAS ***WRITING.*** AND WHERE HAS IT GOTTEN YOU?

I WAS THERE ***EVERY DAY!*** I NEEDED TO WORK.

WORK?! I DON'T SEE HOLLYWOOD CALLING. AND THAT SCHOOL... IT AIN'T BRANDEIS...

YOU'VE ***NEVER*** SUPPORTED ME. NOT ONCE! I KEPT YOU IN OUR HOUSE WHEN YOU COULDN'T WORK!

AS THEIR SORROWS SPILL, MY OCEAN RESPONDS...

I RAISED YOU ON ***MY OWN.*** GAVE YOU ***EVERYTHING.*** AND LOOK WHAT YOU DID IN RETURN?

YOUR WIFE LEFT YOU...FOR A ***GOY!*** AND YOU ***BARELY*** KNOW YOUR DAUGHTER.

Guys, the ***ocean...***

EACH BITTER WORD A PROMISE OF THE POWER TO COME.

THAT'S A ***JOKE***, RIGHT? YOUR HUSBAND LEFT YOU TO LIVE ***UNDERGROUND.***

SO CLEVER. BUT WHAT'S IT ALL ***FOR***, STAN? YOU'VE BEEN TALKING ABOUT THE SAME ***BIG BREAK*** FOR YEARS. A STORY THAT'S GOING TO CHANGE ***EVERYTHING***, BUT--

WHAT I DO ***ISN'T*** EASY...

NO. BUT YOU'RE ***AFRAID!***

THE MOTHER'S ANGUISH, THE SON'S FEAR--SUCH PERFECT HARMONY OF DESPAIR.

YEAH, YEAH. DAD ***SUCKS.***

GUYS...THE ***WATER!***

YOUR ***FEAR*** IS GOING TO KILL US ALL. I SAW THE POWER YOU WERE GOING TO USE, AND YOU ***DIDN'T DO IT.***

I...I ***am*** scared.

I'M ***NOT*** A HERO. I'M A ***TERRIBLE FATHER.*** AND...

...AND I'M ***NOT*** THE WRITER I THOUGHT I WAS.

PT

FAITH ***ABANDONED***, YOU'RE ALL ***PERFECTLY RIPE*** FOR ***DESPAIR'S HARVEST.***

YOUR FEAST ENDS ***HERE, NAAMAH!***

NOT ON MY WATCH.

WSSH

THWACK

ALWAYS PREY TO MAN'S FOLLY. DO NOT THINK I WON'T DINE ON YOUR FLESH, SISTER.

I'LL LICK THE PAIN RIGHT OFF OF YOUR BONES--

CRUNCH

ROAR

The king's influence is undeniable.

GONE IS THE FORM OF MAN, AND RISEN THE DEMON...

DARE ANOTHER WORD, MAKE NO MISTAKE, AND I'LL TRAP YOU WITH YOUR SISTER IN THE OCEAN'S WAKE.

BEING A DEMON IS ***INTOXICATING,*** BUT YOUR ***BLOOD LUST*** HAS ***BLINDED*** YOU.

YOU'VE ***SLAIN*** ASHMEDAI'S MOTHER, THE MATRIARCH, IGNITING HIS ***DARK*** AND ***RELENTLESS FURY*** EVEN FURTHER. HIS VENGEANCE KNOWS ***NO BOUNDS.***

GRRWL!

Great, we've *pissed off* demon royalty...

NOW, HOW DO WE CROSS THIS *FARKAKTEH OCEAN* THAT'S MAKING ME WANT TO KILL MY OWN SON?

THE *CHILD* MUST WIELD THE SWORD. THE QUEEN WILL *GUIDE* HER.

It's all right, honey.

Don't be scared like your *father*...

SORRY! BLAME THE OCEAN...

LET'S JUST TRUST THE *HALF-NAKED DEMON WOMAN.*

Hmph.

BE BOLD, IZZY. THE WATER DREADS THE SWORD. AS WITH MOSES. CAST IT FORTH.

I'M NOT SCARED, NANA.

I'VE GOT *HELP.*

THUNK

Can it be a Jewish story without a PARTING SEA?

THE OCEAN OF TEARS... A VAST EXPANSE FILLED WITH CENTURIES-OLD SORROWS. EACH WAVE CARRIES THE WEIGHT OF YOUR PEOPLE'S SUFFERING.

THE OCEAN REMAINS IN THIS SHADOWED REALM UNTIL EVERY TEAR SHED HAS BEEN WIPED AWAY.

STEEL YOURSELVES... FOR BEYOND THIS OCEAN, DEATH'S PRESENCE LOOMS.

THE RISING TIDE OF HATRED ALWAYS CALLS FORTH OUR GHOSTS. DID YOU THINK I'D FORGOTTEN YOU? ***IMPOSSIBLE.***

YOU WEREN'T ***SUBTLE*** AT THE CAR CHASE, AND YOU AREN'T NOW. THE ***PAIN,*** CHAINS WEIGHING US DOWN, GIRDED ON US AGAINST OUR WILL.

I KNOW, FORGETTING WOULD BE A ***BETRAYAL,*** ANOTHER DEATH. BUT YOU AREN'T JUST ***MEMORIES,*** ARE YOU? THERE'S SOMETHING ***MORE*** AT PLAY...

DO YOU THINK SEEING THIS AGAIN WILL ***BREAK ME?***

NO...I FOUGHT THROUGH EVERY SECOND OF THAT NIGHTMARE FOR MY FAMILY. EVERY ACHE, EVERY TEAR--I ***ENDURED*** IT ALL. THEY'RE MY ***STRENGTH.***

I'LL WEATHER ANY STORM, BEAR ANY PAIN, AS LONG AS THEY'RE WITH ME.

MOM!

SHE'S IN DANGER.

What if by fate's gentle nudge...Liz uncovers a CRUMPLED MYSTERY.

WE HAVE TO MOVE ***FASTER!***

"THE WOODS ARE LOVELY, DARK AND DEEP, BUT I HAVE PROMISES TO KEEP, AND MILES TO GO BEFORE I SLEEP."*

THAT WAS A QUICK TRANSITION.

IT FEELS... ***FAMILIAR.***

DAD, THIS FEELS ***BAD.*** REALLY BAD.

I HAVE TO GO IN FIRST, DON'T I?

VSSSH

*"Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening" by Robert Frost.

I PREFERRED THE *GREEN MONSTER* OVER THIS GUY.

WHO THE HELL ARE YOU?

CHILDREN OF ABRAHAM, I AM...*MOT.*

GESUNDHEIT.

YOU ARE IN THE PRESENCE OF THE *GOD OF DEATH.*

ARE YOU NOT *AFRAID?*

APOLOGIES... MOT. MY MOTHER IS *INSANE.*

WE DON'T HAVE *TIME* TO BE AFRAID, WE NEED TO GET TO SOLOMON.

grk

AH, SOLOMON. THE WISE KING WHO SOUGHT TO TAME EVEN *DEATH.*

YOU *TOO* THINK YOU CAN ESCAPE MY GRASP? WHY DON'T I JUST *END* YOUR JOURNEY NOW.

NO! ENOUGH!

LET ME AFTER HIM!

OH, FORGET IT. I WILL SEND YOU ON YOUR WAY TO SOLOMON.

TO BE HONEST, I AM *TIRED.* I AM AN *OLD, FORGOTTEN* GOD OF *NOTHING.*

NOBODY BELIEVES IN ME ANYMORE, SO WHY SHOULD YOU.

BUT I BELIEVE IN *YOU,* LIZ.

YOU *ESCAPED* DEATH ONCE, BUT MAYBE NOT *AGAIN.*

I DIDN'T *ESCAPE* ANYTHING.

I *BEAT YOU--* OR DEATH-- OR WHATEVER ONCE BEFORE, AND I'LL *DO IT AGAIN.*

THAT FORTITUDE MAY HAVE GOTTEN YOU *THIS* FAR...

The Sambatyon...

...a river of *fire* and *chaos*.

"...YOU'LL NEED MORE THAN THAT TO ESCAPE THESE ANCIENT WARRIORS."

WE'RE SERIOUSLY AT *ANOTHER* OCEAN?

THIS IS MORE OF A RIVER...MORE IMPORTANTLY, HOW THE HELL DID WE EVEN GET HERE? EVERYTHING IS MOVING SO DAMN FAST, LIKE A *DREAM!*

DO YOUR DREAMS INVOLVE *GIANTS?!*

Once vilified in *antisemitic myths*, now reclaimed as *proud guardians* at the world's edge.

WE ARE THE *RED JEWS*--MORE THAN *SURVIVORS*, WE ARE WARRIORS FORGED IN THE FIRES OF OUR TRIALS.

YOUR PRESENCE IS AN *AFFRONT*. TAKE ONE MORE STEP, AND WE FEED YOU TO THE *FLAMES*.

RED JEWS. OKEY-DOKEY. LOOK. AT THIS POINT IT'S GETTING A BIT REDUNDANT. CAN WE SKIP AHEAD TO WHERE YOU JUST LET US THROUGH TO SOLOMON? SO FAR NO ONE HAS GOTTEN HURT.

Lies. That demon...

That was very *violent*, Stan. Are you still seeing that therapist?

ENOUGH. And yes, I'm seeing Dr. Laura...

RED JEWS. Terrible name. I *really* don't like how that sounds...

WE ARE EMPATHETIC TO YOUR SITUATION. WE'RE ALL FROM THE *SAME TRIBE* HERE, RIGHT?

WE JUST WANT TO STOP EVIL AND SAVE THE WORLD. PLEASE. LET US PASS.

THE WORLD ABANDONED US A THOUSAND YEARS AGO, CALLING US *MONSTERS*. NOW, YOU FACE THE STRENGTH OF THOSE "MONSTERS." HERE, YOUR QUEST ENDS. THE FLAMES AWAIT.

STAN! GET THEM OFF OF US!

DAD!

I'M TIRED OF THIS BULLSHIT.

This is a great hero moment!

WHAT SHOULD WE DO WITH THE *LITTLE MAN?*

LEAVE HIM. *NOTHING* SURVIVES THE FIRES OF THE SAMBATYON.

AAAAH!

OK. WE'LL SEE ABOUT THAT.

LET'S *COOL* THINGS DOWN A NOTCH.

KRIK KRIK

So much for the fire...

IZZY! MOM!

I GOT YOU!

YAAAH!

WE HAVE TO MOVE FAST. WHO KNOWS HOW LONG THIS POWER WILL LAST.

TAKE YOUR TIME, WHY DON'T YOU.

DAD. THAT WAS PRETTY AWESOME!

CAN'T... KEEP THIS UP...

THE HEAT'S BREAKING THROUGH!

CRACK

THOOM

DAD!

BIG WAVE OF *LAVA* IS RIGHT BEHIND US!

GET TO SHORE! I'LL HANDLE THIS!

I LOVE YOU BOTH!

THE POWER IS ALMOST GONE! I CAN FEEL IT.

DON'T HAVE TO TELL US TWICE!

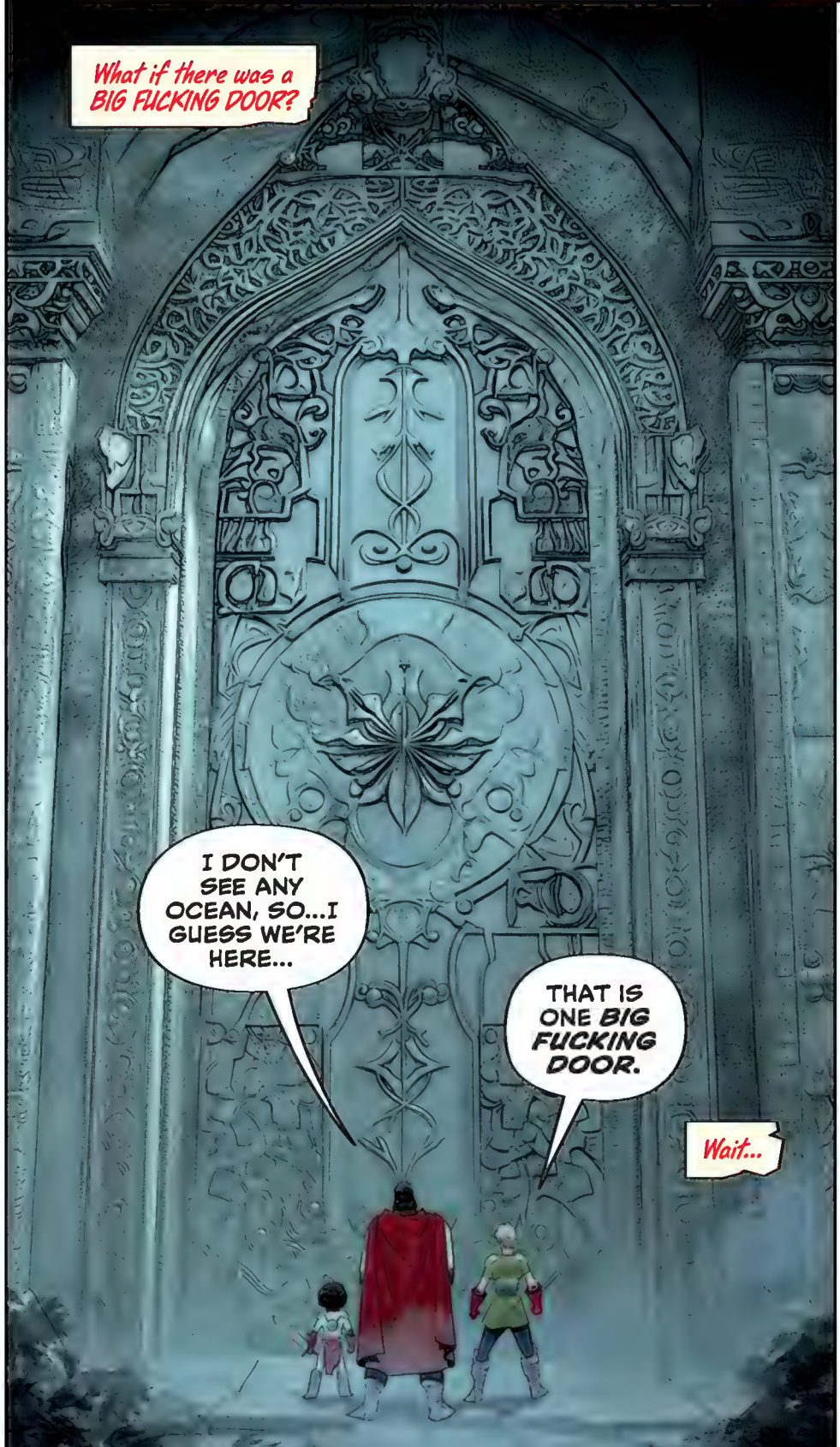
SPOSH

STANLEY, NO!

DAD!

"The smoke ***billowed*** up from it like smoke from a furnace, and the whole mountain ***trembled violently.***"

I...I thought I lost you.
ARE YOU OK?
THE COLD NEVER BOTHERED ME ANYWAY.
OMG.
PEOPLE PAY YOU TO *WRITE?*


What if there was a BIG FUCKING DOOR?
I DON'T SEE ANY OCEAN, SO...I GUESS WE'RE HERE...
THAT IS ONE *BIG FUCKING DOOR.*
Wait...

DO WE KNOCK?
I DON'T THINK THIS IS THE KIND OF DOOR YOU *KNOCK ON.*
MAYBE IT'S LIKE *THE WIZARD OF OZ,* AND A WEIRD WHITE GUY IS ABOUT TO POP HIS HEAD OUT...

AS A DAD, I FEEL WEIRD ASKING THIS...BUT DO YOU THINK THE ***LADY IN YOUR HEAD*** MIGHT KNOW?

IF SHE DOES, SHE'S NOT SAYING ANYTHING.

FRIEND!

THIS ISN'T THE ***DOORS OF DURIN,*** HONEY. BUT I APPRECIATE YOUR INNER NERD AT WORK.

TRYING MY BEST HERE. DO YOU THINK WE MISSED SOMETHING?

NO. BUT MAYBE I CAN USE A ***PHASING POWER.*** BUT I KIND OF DID THAT ONE ALREADY, AND I DON'T KNOW IF THAT WILL WORK. WHAT IF I GET STUCK?--

BOOM

What about that SWORD--

OK, NERDS. YOU FORGOT WE HAD A ***MAGIC SWORD.***

Um. IZZY, AVERT YOUR EYES.

WHY IS HE SO ***NAKED--***

How...did that work?

King Solomon.

NAKED I CAME FROM MY MOTHER'S WOMB, AND NAKED I WILL DEPART.

SHE'S A LITTLE GIRL.

CLOTHES WOULD BE NICE.

Solomon should summon his king's armor from the shadows.

THE TEACHER SEARCHED TO FIND JUST THE RIGHT WORDS, AND WHAT HE WROTE WAS UPRIGHT AND TRUE.

EXCUSE ME?...YOUR HONOR. YOUR MAJESTY. KING SOLOMON. YOU'RE THE ONLY ONE WHO UNDERSTANDS.

PLEASE, WE NEED YOU TO STOP ALL OF THIS.

HEVEL. EN KOL CHADÁSH TÁCHAT HASHÁMESH.

WHAT DOES HE MEAN, NOTHING NEW IS UNDER THE SUN?

TO THE YOUNG SEEKER BEFORE ME, YOU ECHO THE CURIOSITY OF A QUEEN LONG PAST.

ARE YOU THE SPIRIT QUESTIONING WITHIN?

IMMINENT ARE MY GRAVEST ERRORS, UNITED IN BEASTLY FORM.

STAN, LISTEN CLOSE: EAT YOUR BREAD WITH JOY; ELOHIM APPROVES.

I'VE ALWAYS FUCKING HATED HOW YOU SPOKE. PROVERBS WON'T SHIELD YOU NOW, OLD FRIEND.

Poor Lilith, once again punished for daring to assert her own autonomy.

Wait. Hello?

SCREEE

LIZ, STEEL YOUR SWORD! AND KNOW THAT I AM SORRY...

SORRY FOR WHAT?

AND IF YOU THINK I'M LETTING ***THIS BITCH*** GET US AFTER THIS ***NIGHTMARE***--

ONE MOTHER FOR ANOTHER.

THUNK

YOU HAVE CLEARED THE PATH TO THE ***WORLD ENDERS.*** WITH YOUR RING, WE INVOKE A ***NEW WORLD ORDER.***

YOU WILL ***BEND THE KNEE*** TO THE RING'S POWER JUST AS I DID FOR ***YOU,*** SOLOMON...

FWM

Back in Boston...

BEHEMOTH

LEVIATHAN

ZIZ

FWMM

Why are we back at the park?

JOIN US, IZZY.

UNNGH

GRRWN

COME TO MOMMY.

URRM

MOM! STAY WITH ME!

DAD, WHAT DO WE DO NOW?

READY YOURSELVES FOR BATTLE.

WE DO NOT KNOW WHAT HE HAS DONE FROM BEGINNING TO END.

Oy. Solomon... shut the fuck up.

Hello?

Can anybody

read me?

1847.

SARATOV GOVERNORATE, RUSSIA.

SHATTERED INNOCENCE ***TEARS*** THROUGH THE COSMOS.

AAH!

Seriously, is ANYBODY reading this?

YOUNG ***HELENA BLAVATSKY,*** WITH A HEART FULL OF WONDER, BELIEVED THAT A THIN VEIL SEPARATED ***FAITH,*** THE ***SPIRITUAL,*** AND AN ***ANCIENT, RAW POWER.***

SLAP

HER FATHER, SEEING THIS AS ***BLASPHEMY,*** CAST HER OUT, SETTING HER ON AN ***UNFORGIVING PATH.***

ACROSS THE ***SEAS OF FATE,*** HER QUEST FOR ***TRUTH*** AND ***BELONGING*** CALLED TO HER LIKE THE STARS ABOVE--***ENDLESS*** AND ***UNREACHABLE.***

FROM THE ***VERDANT DEPTHS*** OF ***LOST TEMPLES*** TO THE ***SECLUDED WHISPERS*** OF ***ANCIENT SAGES,*** SHE JOURNEYED WITH THE ***HEART OF AN EXPLORER.*** HER QUEST KNEW ***NO BOUNDS.***

AN ***UNSEEN FOLLOWER*** BIDED ITS TIME--A ***DARKNESS*** THAT FED ON HER GROWING ***DISILLUSIONMENT*** AND ***DESPAIR.***

ANOTHER cold open? What? To give a NAZI VILLAIN MORE DEPTH? Oy...

1891. New York, NY.

AFTER DECADES OF SEARCHING, HELENA *FINALLY* FOUND THE ONE WHO COULD UNLOCK HER *DEEPEST DESIRES*--

MY TEACHER...

...King Solomon.

KNOWLEDGE ALONE DOES NOT GRANT THE *WISDOM* TO *WEAVE* FATE'S THREADS. WE SHALL SEE IF YOU ARE *READY.*

MONTHS OF TEACHING THE MOST *POWERFUL MAGIC* COULDN'T *QUENCH* HELENA'S *THIRST* FOR MORE. SHE *DESIRED* THE RING.

YOU AND I BOTH KNOW THAT MAN IS *DOOMED.* I'M *READY.* *TEACH ME* TO USE THE RING. TO *CHANGE* OUR *FATE.*

PATHS CAN BE *ALTERED,* BUT REMEMBER *ANI MA'AMIN: HASHEM* DIRECTS ALL. IT IS NOT *OUR PLACE* TO REWRITE *MANKIND'S DESTINY.*

HELENA SEES ONLY BEGINNINGS-- *DANGEROUS, UNFATHOMABLE BEGINNINGS.*

YOU'RE *WRONG,* SOLOMON. TOGETHER WITH THE *RING,* THINK OF THE LIVES WE COULD *SAVE,* THE *CHANGES* WE COULD MAKE. LET ME SHOW YOU WHAT WE CAN *BECOME.*

HELENA, YOUR *AMBITION BLINDS* YOU. TEACHING YOU WAS A *GRAVE MISTAKE.* THIS PATH LEADS TO *RUIN,* NOT *REDEMPTION.*

ABANDONED, YET AGAIN, HER RESOLVE HARDENS, HER HEART OPEN TO A *VOICE* IN THE *SHADOWS.*

SOLOMON IS A *FOOL,* JUST LIKE YOUR *FATHER.* EMBRACE YOUR *DESTINY,* HELENA. *YIELD* TO *ME,* AND THE WORLD SHALL BE *OURS.*

"Be careful of the Jedi, Anakin. Only through me can you achieve a power greater than any Jedi." Yeah, this is no bueno...

1942. Auschwitz-Birkenau.

SOLOMON WATCHES IN ***HORROR*** AS HIS PEOPLE ARE BEING HERDED OFF TRAINS BY ***NAZI SOLDIERS.***

I FOLLOWED ***RUMORS*** OF A ***WANDERING STRANGER.***

YOU FOUND ME, HELENA, AND IT SEEMS YOU WERE ***RIGHT.*** THE ***HORRORS*** I'VE WITNESSED...THE ***PAIN***--IT'S ***UNBEARABLE.*** HUMANITY IS ON A PATH OF ***NO RETURN.***

THEN LET'S ***CHANGE IT.*** AS A DYING OLD WOMAN'S ***FINAL PLEA.***

WITH YOUR ***RING,*** WE CAN ***END THIS SUFFERING*** AND ***REWRITE THE WORLD TOGETHER.***

Demon power is the ultimate Solomon GPS...

SOLOMON AND HELENA CAST A SPELL ACROSS THE COSMOS, CREATING THE ***ULTIMATE GOLEM***-- THE ***KEY*** TO ***UNLEASHING*** THE ***APOCALYPTIC BEASTS.***

THESE BEASTS WILL TURN THE EARTH TO ***ASH,*** ALLOWING SOLOMON AND HELENA, WITH THE RING'S POWER, TO REBUILD A WORLD ***FREE OF PAIN AND HORROR.***

OH, SOLOMON, YOU NEVER ***UNDERSTOOD TRUE POWER.***

THE ONLY ***CORRUPTION*** IS YOUR ***REFUSAL*** TO LET THE WORLD SEE ***TRUE ENLIGHTENMENT.***

HELENA, PLEASE. I SEE IT NOW. I AM A ***FOOL.*** THE DEMON HAS ***CORRUPTED YOU.***

FWMM

SOLOMON FLED TO THE ***UNKNOWN WORLD,*** DETERMINED TO KEEP THE ***GOLEM*** HE CREATED FROM UNLEASHING THE ***APOCALYPTIC BEASTS*** UPON THE EARTH.

FROM ***SEEKER*** TO ***SORCERER,*** FROM ***PILGRIM*** TO ***POWER INCARNATE.*** THE DUAL NATURE OF KNOWLEDGE--BOTH ***CREATOR*** AND ***DESTROYER.***

And there you have it, our villain's ORIGIN STORY. A bit heavy on the DARK SIDE, huh? Time to bring things back to the present and throw in a PLOT TWIST.

The present. ~~The end.~~ Almost the end.

GO BOSTON

DON'T YOU *DARE* GIVE UP ON ME...

COME ON, *STAY WITH ME*, MOM!

I NEED YOU, MOM.

MAYBE... MAYBE I CAN USE A *HEALING POWER?*

STANLEY! YOUR MOTHER HAS PLAYED *HER* ROLE; NOW IT IS TIME TO FULFILL *YOURS.*

YOU *CAN'T* JUST LET NANA *DIE!*

SLICE

BUT HOW... HOW DID YOU GET THIS?

It's a *mother's superpower.* You wrote this for a *reason*-- because you wrote it for *yourself* and not *anybody else.*

I love you, my sweet boy...

NO!

Better than letting her die in a TORNADO, right? RIGHT?!

I WROTE THIS FOR MYSELF. IT'S TIME.

NOT YET! We have sixteen more pages!

THE END IS ALREADY *WRITTEN...*

BEHEMOTH. LEVIATHAN. YOUR HORRIFIC UNION WILL WEAVE A NEW DAWN. THIS RING IS THE ULTIMATE POWER, BUT NOT BEYOND IMAGINATION.

THE REAL GAME IS ABOUT TO BEGIN--

NOT TODAY!

THOUGHT WE'D SIT THIS ONE OUT? NOT A CHANCE.

STAN, YOUR DAD'S GOT YOUR BACK--NO RETREAT, NO SURRENDER.

Shit. I forgot about the BUDGET HEBREW X-MEN.

CRUSH

There we go.

DAD!

NO!

FUCK IT.

WHATEVER GAME SHE'S AFTER, I'M ENDING THIS.

SCREEE

Not just yet. Can't forget about the DAMN BIRD.

HELENA, AS I PROMISED ALL THOSE YEARS AGO, HERE LIES BEFORE YOU DOMINION OVER ALL.

HEY, GOTHMOG!

My beautiful little NERD. I love you, Izzy!

TIME TO CUT. IT. OUT!

GO BOSTON

SNATCH!

GOT IT!

Nice catch, Yaz!

WELL DONE, YOUNG IZZY. YOU MAY HAVE *SAVED US ALL.*

BUT NOW, IT MIGHT BE TIME TO LET THE *QUEEN--*

THIS ISN'T RIGHT...

SUCH INSIGHT, CHILD. THE REAL TERROR HAS ONLY JUST BEGUN.

RRRAWRR

YOU HAVE EVADED DEATH FOR LONG ENOUGH, SOLOMON.

NO!

I went a little TOO HARD with this final form...

CRUNCH

Wisdom's NO GOOD if you can't keep your HEAD ON straight.

I WOULD HAVE PREFERRED NOT TO KILL A LITTLE GIRL, BUT YOU LEFT US NO CHOICE.

SCREW THIS. I YIELD TO YOU AND GIVE YOU MY PERMISSION.

GOOD GIRL. YOU'RE SMARTER THAN YOUR FATHER. BUT WE DON'T NEED YOUR PERMISSION.

YOU ARE MY BLOODLINE. SAY MY NAME.

I WASN'T SPEAKING TO YOU, DEMON.

I WAS SPEAKING TO THE QUEEN OF SHEBA.

TRANSFORM!

A COCKROACH WHO REFUSES TO DIE.

I'LL TAKE YOUR TONGUE ALONG WITH YOUR HEART.

HOWEVER YOU IMAGINED THIS TALE TO PLAY OUT, IT ENDS NOW!

OH, SOLOMON...

For any confusion, this is NO LONGER Izzy...

...THIS IS NOT HOW I DREAMT OF OUR BLESSED REUNION.

UNNGH

YOU'LL BE TOGETHER SOON ENOUGH.

SLICE

This can't be THE END for her. CAN IT?

NO!

Did she READ this?!

OUR LITTLE DAUGHTER.

COME TO MOMMY. I'M SO HUNGRY...

I AM NOT YOUR DAUGHTER.

AND YOU, STAN...I READ EVERYTHING.

EXCUSE ME?!

LET ME HELP WHET YOUR APPETITE...

HHUUAAAH

...WITH A FULL PALATE CLEANSE.

≥hrrk≤

≥gasp≤

So BETS and MR. MUSTACHE are SAVED. But I feel like I'm losing the thread. I am FORGETTING SOMETHING...

Meanwhile...

AAAH!

THE BIRD! I keep forgetting about this DAMN ZIZ.

DAMN! THE NOTEBOOK IS GONE.

HOW THE HELL AM I GOING TO GET OUT OF THIS?

LET ME GO! LET ME GO NOW, YOU DAMN GENERIC GRIFFIN!

I was going to say the SAME THING! Wait. OF COURSE I was...

SCREEE

LET ME... ...GOOOOOO!

Yeah, probably a POOR CHOICE OF WORDS a THOUSAND FEET above the stadium...

OK. THINK FAST. How can I save Stan? ME.

What would be a great CALLBACK?

GO BOSTON

All right, things are about to get KING KIRBY-LEVEL WEIRD. So, how exactly do I track down a DISEMBODIED SOUL rocketing through space and time on a cosmic quest to become ONE WITH THE UNIVERSE?

AMIDST THE ***INFINITE***, A CONSCIOUSNESS MELDED WITH THE UNIVERSE, FLOATING, WITNESSING CIVILIZATIONS OF ***GRAND DESIGN*** AND ***TRANQUIL REALMS***. YET, IN THIS VASTNESS, MY ESSENCE WANDERS, SEEKING ***ANCHOR***.

GOT YA!

AMID THESE ***WONDERS***, A ***VOICE***, TIMELESS AND CLEAR, PIERCES THE SOLITUDE-- A ***BEACON*** CALLING ME HOME.

SOLOMON... FRANCO...MEMORIES, LIKE DISTANT STARS, BEGIN TO ALIGN, ***ILLUMINATING*** THE LEGACY OF A LIFE ONCE LIVED-- A GUARDIAN'S ***OATH***, A ***LOVE*** THAT TRANSCENDED ***TIME***, A ***PROTECTOR*** REBORN FROM THE ***ASHES***.

SOLOMON FRANCO... REMEMBER WHO YOU ARE.

=Cough cough= =sound confident= Solomon, your journey DID NOT conclude with your last breath. The earth cries out ONCE MORE for its sentinel. Will you HEED ITS CALL?

THE COSMIC WEAVE DRAWS ME BACK, A THREAD LONGING FOR THE LOOM. ***"I AM SOLOMON FRANCO,"*** I ACKNOWLEDGE, A SERVANT OF ***HASHEM***, BOUND BY DUTY BEYOND ***DEATH***.

I WILL HELP...***ONE LAST TIME***, BACK TO THE WORLD I ***SWORE TO PROTECT***.

I AM THE ***GATEKEEPER***, AND MY STORY ***ENDURES***, AN ***EVERLASTING TESTAMENT*** TO THE LIGHT THAT BATTLES THE ***ENCROACHING DARKNESS***.

NAILED IT.

YRAAH!

The GREEN MONSTAAAH is BACK!

AAAHH!

BIBLICAL catch.

YOU SAVED ME! BUT HOW IS THIS EVEN POSSIBLE?

I HEEDED YOUR CALL.

ME?

It WORKED. WHY is this working?

I BELIEVE THIS PARCHMENT BELONGS TO YOU. AND YOUR DAUGHTER IS SAFE.

I AM SO CONFUSED.

ENOUGH TALKING. MY HORN *THIRSTS* FOR *RETRIBUTION.*

BEHEMOTH AND *LEVIATHAN* ARE IN THE FINAL STAGES OF *PROCREATION.*

They're PROCREATING?! Weird. And TOTALLY GROSS.

After all that, we only see them as a GIGANTIC BALL OF GORE. Disappointed...

SCREEE

LOOK OUT!

EVEN *LEGENDS* MEET THEIR *END.*

These lines write themselves. Or I do?

SNAP

THANK YOU, *DEAR FRIEND*. WE OWE YOU OUR *LIVES*. NOW, PLEASE, GO FORTH AND TRY TO *STOP BEHEMOTH* AND *LEVIATHAN*.

HYEAAAH!

THIS IS ALL JUST *FILLER* AND *NOISE*. AS WE SAID, THIS IS *THE END*.

FUCK! Well, that was a WASTE to bring him back.

BEHOLD, FROM *ANCIENT ASHES*, A SO-CALLED *WORLD ENDER ARISES*. YET, THE *TRUE CATALYST* LIES WITHIN *YOU, STAN*.

EXCUSE ME?

THIS RING, A *MERE TRINKET*. YES, IT BESTOWS *WISDOM*. HOWEVER, IT'S DESTINED TO CONTROL YOUR *TRUE* ESSENCE, STAN-- *THE WRITER*.

HELENA, *STOP!* THIS *ISN'T* THE WAY.

WE CAN FIND *ANOTHER* PATH!

That's ALL you got? WOOF. OK. This story is OVER...

ALL ALONG, STAN, MY PLAN HINGED NOT ON THE **RING**, BUT ON **YOU EMBRACING YOUR DESTINY, YOUR POWER.**

TO CHANGE EVERYTHING, YOU NEEDED **COURAGE**, A NUDGE TOWARDS THE **INEVITABLE.** AND NOW, YOU STAND **READY.**

HOPE? PERHAPS A FOLLY FOR THE **NAIVE**, YET IT SERVED ITS **PURPOSE**--TO BRING YOU HERE, TO THE PRECIPICE OF **TRANSFORMATION.** MY PATH IS UNWAVERING, ETCHED BY THE WORLD'S **ANCIENT AGONIES.**

THIS, STAN, IS THE **CULMINATION**, AND **YOU**, UNWITTINGLY, OUR **BEACON.**

MAGIC!

NO! SHE'S USING THE RING TO MAKE ME THE WRITER!

STAN!

DAD!

HELENA.

WHAT HAVE YOU **DONE?**

This doesn't even look like "THE PARK" anymore. This is all a MESS.

.

STAN

STAN

STAN

STAN

OK. I'm back.
I guess.

WE'RE HAVING OUR OWN LITTLE *INTERSTELLAR* MOMENT.

HELENA, I'VE GOT TO HAND IT TO YOU. YOU HAD AN *AWFUL PLAN*-- REALLY, JUST *TERRIBLE.*

YOU THOUGHT *YOU* COULD *CONTROL THE STORY? INFLUENCE,* MAYBE. BUT *CONTROL?*

ONLY *THE WRITER* GETS THAT POWER. AND *GUESS WHAT?*

THAT'S *ME NOW*-- OR *HAS BEEN.* I'm still piecing everything together.

This is why I didn't want to use this power; I'm really worried that I lost EVERYONE just now.

FIRST. *FUCK NAZIS.*

THEY'RE *STILL* A *BIG FUCKING PROBLEM.*

SECOND, I KNOW YOU'RE ASKING...

"WHAT WAS *THE POINT* OF ALL THIS?

"DOES EVERY *JEWISH FANTASY HAVE TO* INCLUDE A *GOLEM?"* OF COURSE IT DOES! MINE IS *PRETTY AWESOME* AND *NUANCED* IF I DO SAY SO MYSELF...

THE GOLEM ISN'T JUST A *MONSTER*-- OUR *PROTECTOR,* OUR *STRENGTH* WHEN WE HAVE *NONE.*

IT'S A *SYMBOL* OF *RESILIENCE,* OF *FIGHTING BACK* AGAINST A WORLD THAT'S TRIED TO *CRUSH US.*

MAYBE WE *NEED* THAT IN OUR STORIES, IN OUR *MYTHOLOGY.*

MAYBE I NEEDED THAT IN *MINE.*

"THE BEGINNING OF THIS STORY MOVED *WAY* TOO QUICKLY. LOOSE ENDS DROPPED. BENNY AND HIS *BUDGET HEBREW X-MEN* GETTING KILLED OFF LIKE THAT?!

"*INSANE* CREATIVE CHOICES. AND *EVERY TROPE* IN THE BOOK--*NEO-NAZIS, OCCULT WITCHES, DEMONS,* AND THAT *RING.*

"THE RING WAS BASICALLY *USELESS!*

AS FAR AS VILLAINS GO, NAZI DEMON...YOU TWO DIDN'T WORK WELL TOGETHER. ONE WANTS ***POWER,*** THE OTHER ***CHAOS.***

RIIIP

AND DESPITE THE BACKSTORY, YOU WERE STILL A ***LITTLE FLAT.*** IT WAS DOOMED FROM THE START.

THIS META CONCLUSION MIGHT FEEL LIKE A LETDOWN, JUST LIKE I'VE LET DOWN MY FAMILY.

BUT THESE VILLAINS AREN'T JUST CHARACTERS--THEY'RE A ***CATALYST.*** THE REAL BATTLE ISN'T JUST DEFEATING A ***BIG BADDIE;*** IT'S KEEPING THE ***CONVERSATION ALIVE*** ABOUT THE ***VERY REAL NAZIS*** STILL OUT THERE TODAY.

IT'S ABOUT CONTINUING TO SHINE A LIGHT ON OUR ***RICH JEWISH MYTHOLOGY,*** OUR KICKASS STORIES ABOUT ***DEMONS*** AND ***MAGIC.***

PEOPLE'S ***HATE*** AND ***ANGER*** MIGHT TRY TO ***ERASE OUR STORIES,*** BUT ***I'M*** THE ONE WRITING ***THIS*** TALE. AND ***NO ONE*** CAN TAKE THAT AWAY.

WHILE CLIMBING THROUGH MY OWN NARRATIVES...I LOVE MY ARMCHAIR CRITICS, BUT YOU MAKE MY ANXIETY KICK INTO HIGH GEAR.

I BEGIN TO THINK: "DID MY STORY MAKE A ***DIFFERENCE?*** OR WAS I JUST ADDING TO THE ***NOISE?"***

IT'S LIKE I'VE BEEN STANDING ***OUTSIDE*** THE STORY, ***LOOKING IN.*** HOW DO I FIND MY WAY BACK?

CLEARLY, I'VE ALWAYS BEEN ***SHAPING*** THIS STORY, ***MOLDING*** IT, BUT IT FEELS LIKE I'VE BEEN CREATING IT WITHOUT ***TRULY UNDERSTANDING THE PLOT.*** DO WE EVER ***FULLY UNDERSTAND*** WHEN WE'RE IN IT?

SHOULD I ***ERASE*** IT ALL? ***NO.*** THE GOOD, THE BAD, ***IT'S ALL PART OF THE STORY.*** THAT'S WHAT IT MEANS TO BE ***JEWISH,*** RIGHT? TO ERASE ***EVERYTHING...*** TO DENY THE ***PAIN*** AND ***JOY*** WE'VE SHARED...THAT'S NOT ***CREATION.*** THAT'S ***AVOIDANCE.***

SO, LET'S WRITE A ***NEW CHAPTER.***

ONE THAT ***HONORS*** OUR JOURNEY AND ***BUILDS*** A FUTURE WORTH ***LIVING... READING.***

I COULDN'T HAVE DONE ***ANY OF THIS*** WITHOUT YOU. IT WAS ***ALL*** FOR YOU AND IZZY.

AND I WANT YOU ***BACK.***

THEN, ***BRING US BACK,*** NOT FROM ***SELFISHNESS*** BUT FROM ***LOVE,*** FROM THE NEED TO REMEMBER TO HONOR EVERY MOMENT WE'VE SHARED.

I NEED TO STOP WORRYING ABOUT MAKING SENSE.

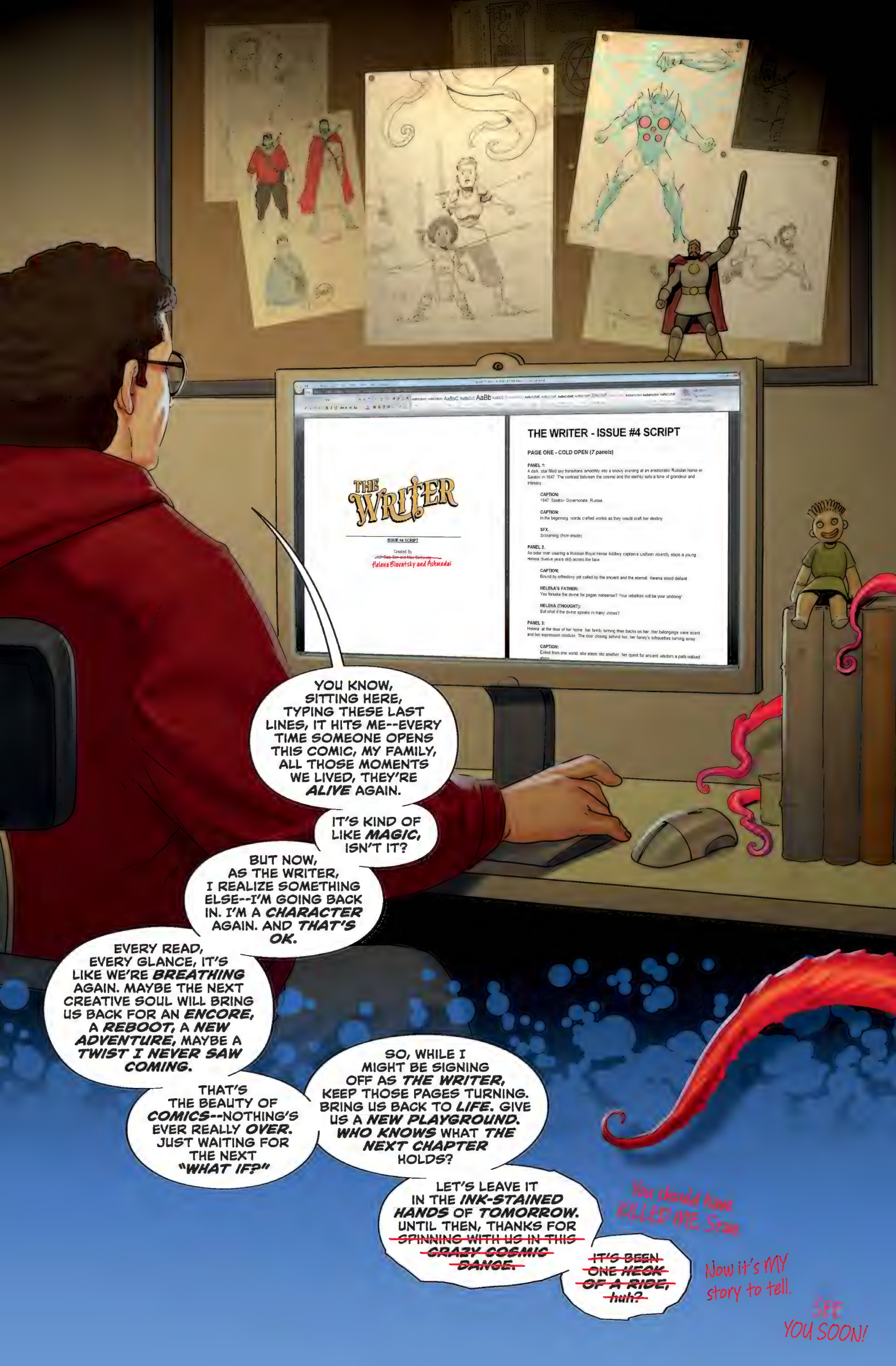
WHY SHOULD ***ART MAKE SENSE*** WHEN ***LIFE DOESN'T?*** THERE'S BEAUTY IN THE ***ABSURD*** AND HUMOR IN THE ***STRUGGLE.*** IT'S TIME TO EMBRACE THAT.

THANK YOU VERY MUCH, DAVID LYNCH!

OUR STORY ISN'T OVER, ***TRUST ME...*** OR DON'T.

AT THE END OF THE DAY, IT'S UP TO THE ***PUBLISHER*** AND ALL OF ***YOU.***

ONLY ONE MORE PAGE. LET'S FINISH WITH A ***BITE.***


THE WRITER
ISSUE #4 SCRIPT
Created By
~~Josh Cass, Dan and Max Sarlowski~~
Helena Blavatsky and Ashmedai
THE WRITER - ISSUE #4 SCRIPT
PAGE ONE - COLD OPEN (7 panels)
PANEL 1:
A dark, star filled sky transitions smoothly into a snowy evening at an aristocratic Russian home in Saratov in 1847. The contrast between the cosmic and the earthly sets a tone of grandeur and intimacy.
CAPTION:
1847. Saratov Governorate. Russia.
CAPTION:
In the beginning, words crafted worlds as they would craft her destiny.
SFX.
Screaming (from inside)
PANEL 2.
An older man wearing a Russian Royal Horse Artillery captain's uniform violently slaps a young Helena (twelve years old) across the face.
CAPTION:
Bound by orthodoxy yet called by the ancient and the eternal, Helena stood defiant.
HELENA'S FATHER:
You forsake the divine for pagan nonsense? Your rebellion will be your undoing!
HELENA (THOUGHT):
But what if the divine speaks in many voices?
PANEL 3:
Helena at the door of her home, her family turning their backs on her. Her belongings were scant and her expression resolute. The door closing behind her, her family's silhouettes turning away.
CAPTION:
Exiled from one world, she steps into another, her quest for ancient wisdom a path walked alone.
YOU KNOW, SITTING HERE, TYPING THESE LAST LINES, IT HITS ME--EVERY TIME SOMEONE OPENS THIS COMIC, MY FAMILY, ALL THOSE MOMENTS WE LIVED, THEY'RE ALIVE AGAIN.
IT'S KIND OF LIKE MAGIC, ISN'T IT?
BUT NOW, AS THE WRITER, I REALIZE SOMETHING ELSE--I'M GOING BACK IN. I'M A CHARACTER AGAIN. AND THAT'S OK.
EVERY READ, EVERY GLANCE, IT'S LIKE WE'RE BREATHING AGAIN. MAYBE THE NEXT CREATIVE SOUL WILL BRING US BACK FOR AN ENCORE, A REBOOT, A NEW ADVENTURE, MAYBE A TWIST I NEVER SAW COMING.
THAT'S THE BEAUTY OF COMICS--NOTHING'S EVER REALLY OVER. JUST WAITING FOR THE NEXT "WHAT IF?"
SO, WHILE I MIGHT BE SIGNING OFF AS THE WRITER, KEEP THOSE PAGES TURNING. BRING US BACK TO LIFE. GIVE US A NEW PLAYGROUND. WHO KNOWS WHAT THE NEXT CHAPTER HOLDS?
LET'S LEAVE IT IN THE INK-STAINED HANDS OF TOMORROW. UNTIL THEN, THANKS FOR ~~SPINNING WITH US IN THIS CRAZY COSMIC DANCE.~~
~~IT'S BEEN ONE HECK OF A RIDE, huh?~~
You should have KILLED ME Stan.
Now it's MY story to tell.
SEE YOU SOON!

Afterword

When Josh, Ben, and Max sat down to create *The Writer*, none of them could have imagined just how much this journey would shape them. For Max and Ben, it all began long ago—on Friday nights, sprawled out on the carpet at Nana and Papa's apartment. *The X-Files* flickered in the background, comic books were spread across the floor, and they sketched their own heroes with pencils clutched in small hands. Nana was lost in the pages of her latest novel, while Papa sat beside her, quietly drawing. It was a time when the world felt infinite, and the brothers were blissfully unaware that one day they'd be crafting a story that means so much to them—and, hopefully, to the readers as well.

Their mom, a neurotrauma nurse, was (and still is) their hero. She stood by them through every high and low, even as she faced some of Boston's hardest days—like the marathon bombing. In every moment, through every challenge, her love and unwavering support—and that of their dad—gave them the courage to dream. She taught them that storytelling could be more than just an escape; it could be a way to make sense of the world. And through her, they learned to love Boston, their city, in all its grit and glory. Summers at Fenway Park cheering on the Red Sox, wandering the winding streets steeped in history—Boston is in their blood, and it flows through every word and image of *The Writer*. The resilience and heart of this city are woven into each page, each character. It's because of their parents that they learned to fall in love with creating something from nothing.

Josh came to comics a little later, but once he discovered them, he was enchanted. The stories weren't just about gods and heroes—they were about flawed, complicated people facing struggles and loss, even if they could fly or move mountains. That intersection of immense power and human vulnerability drew him in, and when the Berkowitz brothers first brought *The Writer* to him, something clicked. This wasn't just a story about ancient magic or Jewish folklore—it was a story about family, identity, and resilience. It also tapped into his love of adventure, reminiscent of the spirit in films like *Raiders of the Lost Ark*, which had long been a source of inspiration for Josh. All these elements were deeply personal to him, as they were to Max and Ben.

At its heart, *The Writer* is about the power of storytelling—the way it binds us, one generation to the next, weaving through adversity, imagination, and the human spirit. They didn't grow up steeped in Jewish mysticism, but when they discovered it, those deep wells of folklore and magic felt like home. This story became a way for them to celebrate that heritage—the rich tapestry of Jewish storytelling in all its forms, from Ashkenazic to Sephardic, Beta Israelite, Hispanic, Asian, and beyond. They wanted to honor the stories that came before them and add something of their own, in the hopes of fighting anti-Semitism with creativity and love.

In creating *The Writer*, they drew inspiration from the giants who shaped the comics industry—Eisner, Kirby, Siegel (the namesake of their main character), Shuster, and Stan Lee. These creators didn't just build an industry; they opened up new universes. Like them, Josh, Ben, and Max wanted to pour their own struggles, fears, and joys into a world that felt real, and to push the boundaries of what a story could be. They also found themselves following in the footsteps of creators like Mike Mignola, whose *Hellboy* reshaped global folklore into his own brilliant mythos. Their hope was to do the same—reshaping the folklore of their people and offering it up as both a tribute and a shield against the hate in the world.

Of course, none of this would have been possible without the incredible team they were fortunate enough to work with. Ariel Olivetti's art didn't just capture their story; it elevated it, transforming every page into an epic tableau. Frank Cvetkovic's lettering gave their words rhythm and breath—turning static lines into something that felt alive. And Megan Walker, their editor, was the quiet compass that kept them on course, making sure their story remained true to its heart. They owe so much to Dark Horse Comics, to Sugar23, and especially to Meredith Wechter, who believed in this story from the beginning and helped make it all possible.

For Josh, *The Writer* holds an even deeper meaning. It is a tribute to his grandparents, Holocaust survivors who faced the unimaginable and endured. Their strength, resilience, and love of life are woven into the very fabric of this story, a reflection of the fight for survival and the triumph of the human spirit. In honoring them, the creators speak out against the darkness of hate and bigotry, carrying forward the torch that was passed to them. It is their hope that, in its own small way, this book helps to remember, to educate, and to inspire others to never forget.

The Writer is a story that, like all good stories, never truly ends. These characters, this world—it all lives on, because storytelling is magic. It is limitless and immortal, reaching far beyond the pages of any one book. At their core, Josh, Ben, and Max are still just kids who grew up loving comics, folklore, film, and the boundless possibilities of a great narrative. And to everyone who has joined Stan, Liz, Izzy, Bets, and all on this adventure—thank you. Thank you for believing in these characters. The future of *The Writer* is a blank page, and these three creators can't wait to see what strange and marvelous turns lie ahead.

From their hearts (and imaginations) to yours—welcome to the mishpocha.

Josh Gad, Ben Berkowitz, and Max Berkowitz

COVER GALLERY

The Writer #1 cover art
by Jeremy Haun, colors by Nick Filardi

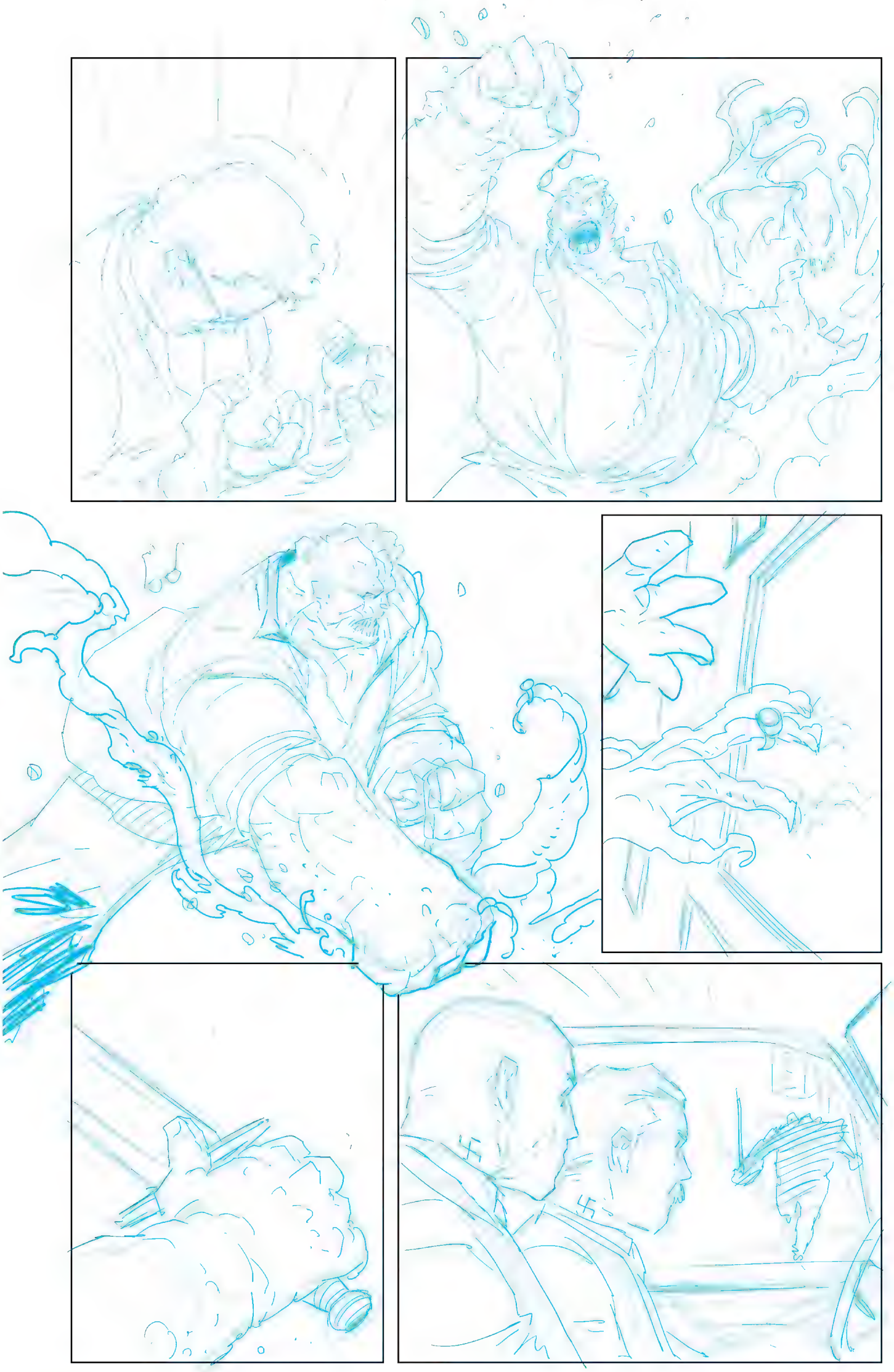
The Writer #2 cover art by Matt Smith

The Writer #3 cover art by Tonci Zonjic

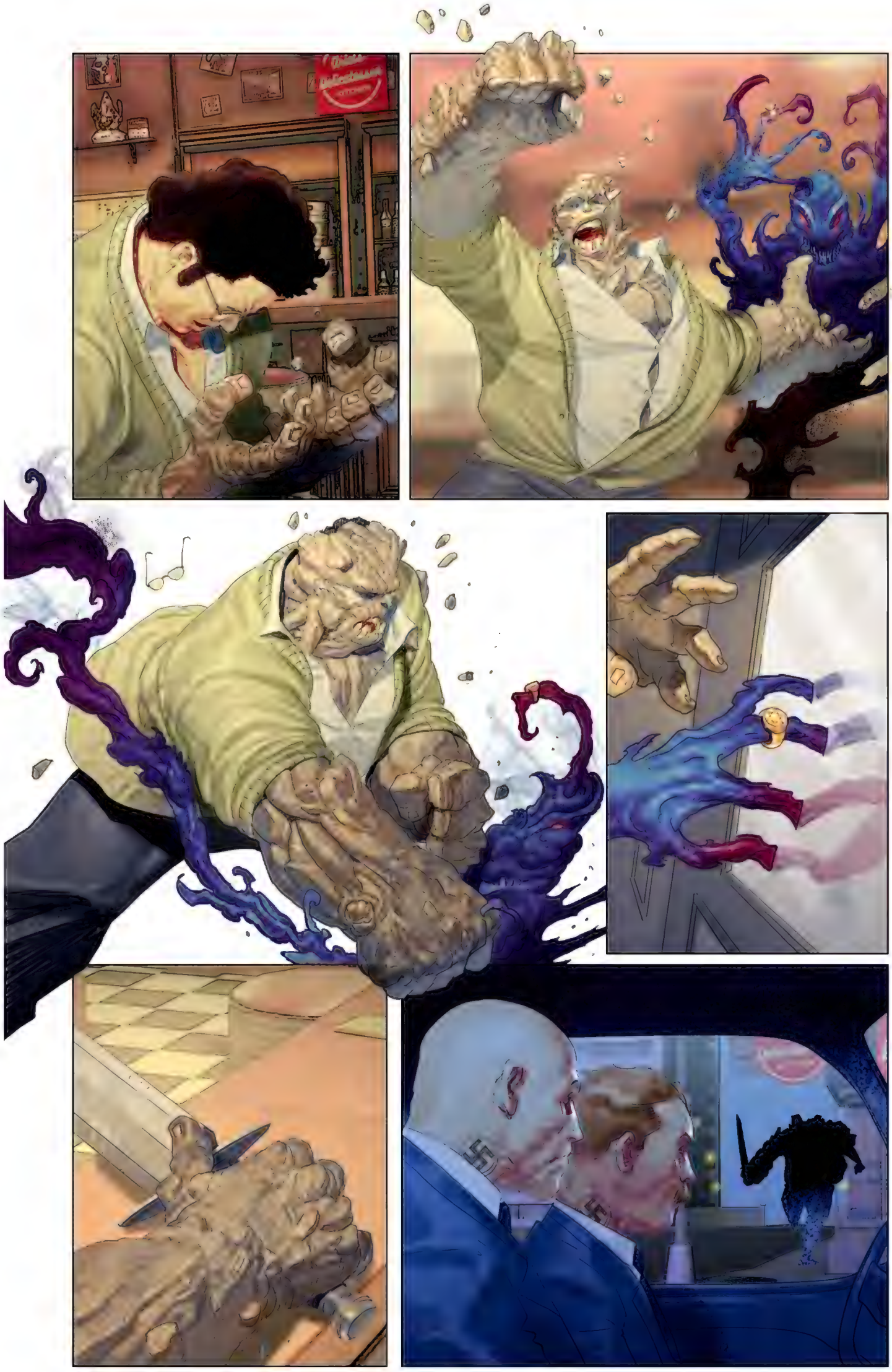
The Writer #4 cover art by Ariel Olivetti

SKETCHBOOK

Art by **ARIEL OLIVETTI** (artist)
& notes by **MEGAN WALKER** (editor)



This moment from story page 8 of *The Writer* #1 shows our pivotal moment of the issue when Stan transforms into his new superpowered form. This moment had to be powerful, shocking, and just downright awesome, and Ariel nailed it.



As if this page wasn't cool enough in pencils, Ariel carried it to a whole other level with his final colors. The blueprint of the page nailed the scene we were trying to achieve, and Ariel's colors made the page come alive. The transformation from panels 1 to 3 is one of the coolest moments in our series in my opinion.

On this spread you get a look at Ariel's discovery work on our characters. Trying to nail down the look of a character is one of the most important steps in a comic; their look is the first thing readers have to figure that character out until they dive deeper into the series. In life, you're not supposed to "judge a book by its cover" but sometimes in comics, you have to at first!

STAN'S SUPERPOWERS

BONUS ART

Art by Ariel Olivetti

Art by Fabrizio De Tommaso

Art by Sean Von Gorman

Art by Sean Von Gorman

THE WRITER™

Plunge into the captivating world of Stan Siegel, a renowned comic book writer, whose life spirals into a terrifying adventure beyond the confines of reality.

Alongside his mother Liz and daughter Izzy, Stan faces an onslaught of Nazis, demons, and mythical creatures drawn from Jewish folklore. As they navigate a landscape steeped in occult mysteries, their quest for answers reveals hidden identities and ignites a high-stakes race against an emerging terror.

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